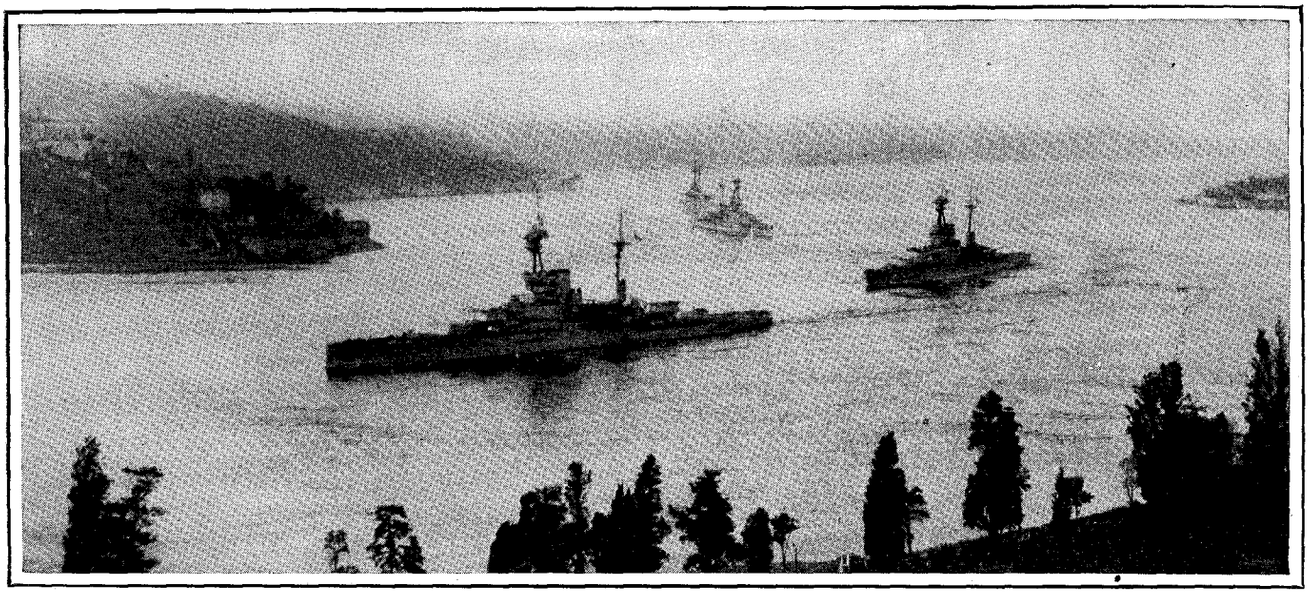
The Outlook

OCTOBER 4, 1922



Wide World Photos

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN THE BOSPHORUS, WITH ROBERT COLLEGE AT THE LEFT

TURKEY AGAIN A EUROPEAN POWER

WHATEVER else may be the result of the concessions by Great Britain, France, and Italy to Mustapha Kemal's demands, it is certain that Turkish power will be re-established in Europe on an extent not dreamed of at the close of the Great War. Even if it is granted that liberal concessions were necessary after the complete victory of the armies of the Turkish Nationalist Government, it is certainly humiliating to the Great Powers of Europe, and demoralizing especially to British prestige, that so complete and far-reaching submission has been made to their former enemy, the ally of Germany. When Kemal was asked to meet the representatives of the Powers in conference, he refused to do so unless in advance of such a conference assurances were given him that his principal demands would be granted. Now that he has been given that assurance, he has shown no hurry to accept the offers made him. The note of the Allies to Kemal was dated on September 23, and up to September 26 no reply had been made.

The terms of the joint note were almost submissive in tone. Poincaré for France, Curzon for Great Britain, and Sforza for Italy asked the Turks "to be good enough to let them know" whether Turkish representatives would be sent to a conference of those nations and of Japan, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece to be held at Venice or elsewhere. They "take this opportunity to declare that they view with favor" Turkey's demand to be put in power again in eastern Thrace along the line of the River Maritza, which includes Adrianople and territory that most of us supposed had been lost to Turkey forever. The note does not even mention the willingness of the great nations to let Turkey keep all of her former territory in Asia Minor; she holds that, or most of it, by force of victory, and it is tacitly agreed that she shall retain what she has. As to the other points of real importance such as the freedom of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus and the protection of non-Mohammedan peoples, the note of the Allies proposes to leave the matter under the guidance of the League of Nations and offers to support the admission of Turkey to the League. They confirm their former assurance that Allied troops will be withdrawn from Constantinople as soon as the final treaty of peace has been settled. In return, they warn the Turks under Kemal from entering into the zone of neutrality on the Asian side. This seems to be about all that the Powers still urgently insist upon, and Kemal has at least twice since negotiations have begun allowed his troops to violate the neutrality of the zone, with constant danger whenever this happens that fighting may begin between the Turks and the British forces near Chanak.

THE NEAR EAST STILL A DANGER CENTER

DESPITE Lloyd George's optimistic view of the situation that followed his first alarm, the situation in the Near East is still dangerous in the extreme. As we write, reports both from Smyrna and Constantinople say that there is imminent danger of a renewal of the massacres in Smyrna and of an attack upon non-Turks in Constantinople. The Earl of Balfour, for instance, is reported on September 26 as saying that he had information that showed "danger of a great calamity in Smyrna," and one despatch from Constantinople even names the exact day upon which it is believed that the Christian section of the city may be attacked by the worst element of the Constantinople Turks. Such outbreaks, if they occur, would complicate the general danger of disorder and might simply demand military intervention from the Powers.

The result of the conference indicated by the note of the Allies would, of course, be to destroy completely whatever may be left of the Sévres Treaty, which was signed but never ratified. The occupation by Turkey of eastern Thrace would make a new and always threatening situation in the Balkans, and the attempt to draw new lines for the neutral zone as it exists and to guar-

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antee the freedom of the Straits presents many difficulties.

Lloyd George said only a few days before the note was signed, "It would be a peril of the darkest kind if we permitted the army which has left Smyrna a heap of blackened ruins to cross over into Europe until permanent peace has been established, and until the conditions of that peace are clearly defined." Yet Kemal, as we write, is reported to be insistent upon the immediate entrance of his army into Thrace to drive out the Greeks from territory assigned to them by the Powers after the Great War.

Features of the situation as it strikes an American observer in London are shown in the following cablegram, dated September 22, from a special correspondent of The Outlook, Mr. W. C. Gregg:

> The safety of Europe at present seems to lie in its physical weakness rather than in the strength of its diplomacy. The British Government announced its programme of armed resistance to certain Turkish advances and afterwards consulted its allies. To an American observer this looks like a mistake. They also seem quicker to appreciate a Turkish threat against their commercial use of the Dardanelles than to appreciate the emotions of France at delayed German reparations. The London press is almost unanimous in condemning the Turkish bungling of the Lloyd George Government, and there is more talk about a general election. Winston Churchill's prominence in the present crisis reminds the people of his Gallipoli campaign. One paper prints a picture of a vast British cemetery in Turkey with a heading, "No more of this." There is much clamor for calling Parliament. As yet the Prime Minister has made no sign of compliance. If this were America's tire-trouble, our President as well as our people would be looking for Congress to put on its overalls. It will all blow over shortly, unless the Turks get brash and try to cross the Dardanelles. We must not forget the two other sore spots in Europe, Austria's imminent financial collapse and Germany's ugly mood. Germany carries a pistol in her overcoat pocket; her fingers feel for the trigger as her mind dwells on the success of the Turks.

Another interesting view of the situation will be found in the London correspondence from General Sir George Aston on another page.

THE HERRIN GRAND JURY DOES ITS DUTY

THE country has followed with keen interest the progress of the investigation into the horrible murders committed near the Herrin mines last June. The local spirit of apathy and indifference as regards the punishment of the criminals was marked. But the spirit of the people of the State of Illinois, once thoroughly aroused, insisted through its State officials that the arm of justice should not remain inert. Now the special Grand Jury which has been hearing evidence at Marion has returned a long list of indictments. It not only finds indictments against individuals for crime, but it charges the authorities with failure to protect life and property and even criticises the mine owners as "woefully ignorant of the danger or blindly determined to risk strife and conflict if profit could be made."

The number of indictments found indicates that the Grand Jury was fully convinced that this was a group crime, not a spontaneous outbreak of rage among individuals. The total number of indictments was 214; 44 of these indictments were for murder, 58 for conspiracy to murder, 58 for rioting, and 54 for assault with intent to murder. Among the men indicted for murder are two important officials of labor unions.

The report of the Grand Jury which accompanied the indictments was a full and graphic account of all the circumstances that led up to the crime and all the terrible barbarity of the crime itself. The Grand Jury declared forcefully that the attack of June 21 was the result of a conspiracy which had been gathering and organizing for several days; it quotes the telegram from John L. Lewis, the President of the United Mine Workers of America, which states that members of the organization "are justified in treating this crowd as an outlaw organization"—the posting of this telegram in the neighborhood of the mine has been regarded as one of the inciting causes of what happened. After describing the cold-blooded murder of the employees after safe conduct had been promised them, the finding of the Grand Jury remarks: "The atrocities and cruelties of the murders are beyond the power of words to describe. A mob is always cowardly, but the savagery of this mob in its relentless brutality is almost unbelievable. The indignities heaped upon the dead did not end until the bodies were interred in unknown graves."

The Grand Jury of the county in which this crime took place has now faithfully and thoroughly done its duty. The country will continue to follow with the utmost intentness the progress of these criminal cases as they come before trial juries.

THERE are those who dream of Mauretanias docking at the wharves of Proctor Knott's "zenith city of the unsalted seas."

There are those who claim that the whole proposal to carry ocean-going steamers through the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes is chimerical.

The arguments for the practicability of the proposed development of the St. Lawrence waterway were never more simply or clearly stated than in Gilbert H. Gilbert's forthcoming Outlook article.

It should be read by both dreamers and congenital pessimists.

THE LABOR INJUNCTION

AS was generally expected, Judge Wilkerson, of the Federal District Court at Chicago, has sustained the sweeping injunction recently issued by himself as a temporary measure. It is now binding as a preliminary injunction, which may be made permanent or may be passed upon by the United States Supreme Court.

In statements made by Judge Wilkerson he sustains broadly the contentions made by Attorney-General Daugherty. His main point is that the evidence of illegal and criminal activities by the striking shopmen, their unions or their supporters, is such that there was proof of a criminal conspiracy to interfere with inter-State commerce. Judge Wilkerson declines to admit as valid the contention of the defendants that participation by them in any illegal act had not been shown. The Judge says that the acts committed were "on such a large scale and in point of time and place so connected with the admitted conduct of the strike that it is impossible on the record here to view them in any other light than as done in furtherance of a common purpose and as part of a common plan." He cannot, therefore, he says, reach the conclusion that "those who were at the head of this combination did not actually know that these things were being done."

The injunction order as it stands forbids any participation in acts tending to interfere with railway operation by officers or members of the shop crafts belonging to the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor.

The weak point in this kind of dealing with labor matters is that, when the question is as to the actual decision whether a given individual has in fact committed an illegal act or has com-

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HOW IS THIS DERIVED?

(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Marcus in Forbes Magazine

NOTHING TO RUN ON

Uncle Sam—"But in building the car you forgot to supply an engine."

From J. A. MacArt, New York City

Kirby in the New York World

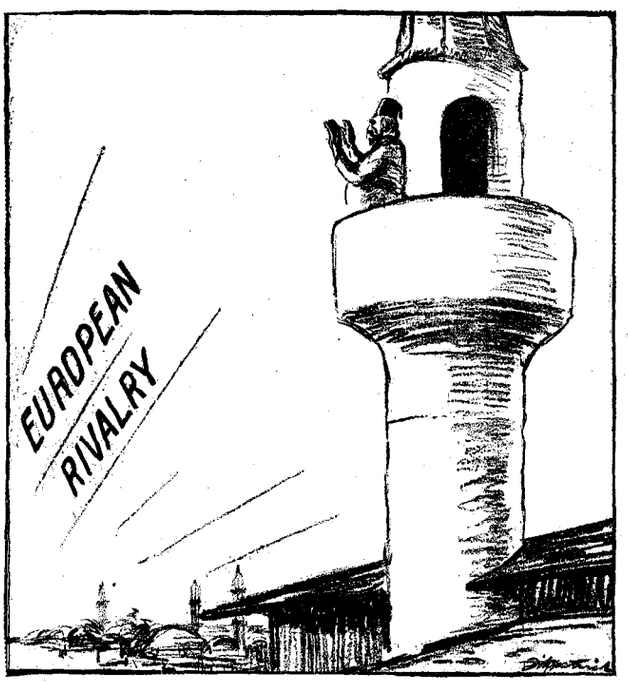
DRIVEN OFF AT LAST

Pease in the Newark Evening News

FLOCKING TOGETHER

From Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post Dispatch



THE TURK GREETS THE DAWN

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bined with others to commit acts amounting to a conspiracy, the truth or falseness of the allegation must be decided by a judge without a jury and that the person arrested is dealt with for contempt of court in disobeying the court's orders and not for having committed acts against the statute criminal law.

Meanwhile the strike of the railway shopmen is growing feebler, and it is quite probable that actual prosecution under the injunction will not take place.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

It will be a disaster if political partisanship is permitted to damage or destroy the Federal Reserve System. If the Federal Reserve Board had not been in existence during the great European war, we should unquestionably have had a currency panic and a financial crisis in this country more disastrous than the three or four which struck the country down during the life of the National Banking Act.

In spite of the fact that the richest manufacturer in the United States is reported to have said that "history is all bunk," it is a good plan occasionally to recall history in discussing current political questions. The Federal Reserve System works so well, so smoothly, and seems so well established, that the man who fears its destruction by political partisanship is called an alarmist. But the United States Bank, which a hundred years ago saved the country from the same kind of economic disaster from which we have been saved in the last eight years by the Federal Reserve Bank, was destroyed by political partisanship. History shows over and over again that what has been done once can be done a second time. Perhaps a National banking system might be devised which would be more efficient, more just, and more uniform in its social benefits than the Federal Reserve System, but so far it has proved itself to be the best system that this country has ever had, and better than those of many other civilized countries. Nevertheless, it is being attacked and the center of attack is the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. W. P. G. Harding. His term has expired, and the President has not yet made an appointment to fill the vacancy. Governor Harding is at present holding the office until his successor is appointed. We think it may be said that the soundest and wisest financial advisers of the President are urging his reappointment. Indeed, the name of one alone of his sponsors is enough to carry the confidence of the country. We refer to Senator Carter Glass. No man knows more about the operation of the Federal Reserve Law than Senator Glass; no man has a greater interest in its continued success as a public institution; and no one man had more to do with the successful legislation which established it. If Senator Glass believes that W. P. G. Harding is the best possible nominee for Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, we do not much care to consider the arguments or criticisms of the opponents of the appointment.

A LIVING CHURCH

Among the more important communions in America, the Protestant Episcopal Church is by no means the largest, but it exerts an influence out of proportion to its size. Its triennial Convention which recently had its session in Portland, Oregon, was an event of wide public interest. The proceedings of that Convention were reported in the daily press as news of importance to readers not affiliated with that Church or any Church.

One reason for this is the strategic position which the Protestant Episcopal Church holds in certain centers of population. Another reason is its place in the early history of the Nation. Perhaps the chief reason, however, is the fact that it is what may be called a root communion.

It is the same reason that explains the influence of such relatively small countries as Ireland and Scotland. Numerically, the Irish of Ireland are almost negligible in the total mass of humanity; but they constitute a root nationality, they are a parent stock. Millions of people, therefore, who are not Irish at all are concerned with what is happening in Ireland as they would not be with the doings of four or five million people without history or common origin who might happen to inhabit the same island.

Somewhat similarly, the Protestant Episcopal Church constitutes a parent stock in Christian faith and practice. The symbol of its ancestorhood is the Book of Common Prayer. Though it is the authoritative compendium of Episcopal liturgy, it is in practice the heritage of as many Protestant bodies as may wish to claim it. Its collects are the common possession of all churches. Its phraseology has entered into the language almost as definitely as that of the English Bible. The fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church is in a peculiar sense the trustee for this treasury of worship and literature is an indication of the special responsibility that rests upon that Church and the public concern in its actions.

On this account, the most important action of the recent Convention at Portland was the revision which it made of the Book of Common Prayer. In The Outlook for September 6 the Rev. Dr. E. C. Chorley, Historiographer of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in special correspondence gave an account of some of the more important changes recommended by the commission appointed nine years ago for that purpose. It is not practicable here to refer to all these revisions. A number of the changes which were adopted merely record a change in point of view of the Church as a whole toward certain customs and in certain human relationships. For example, it is no longer contrary to the rubrics of the Church to read the burial service over the body of an unbaptized person or of a suicide. This is not to be interpreted as a change in the conscience of the Church, but rather a greater charity and sympathy. The new prayers that have been added are also a record of a new understanding of fraternity, as is indicated by the prayers for social justice and for missions. It is significant of a changing view of the marriage relation that simultaneously with the removal of the word "obey" from the vow of the wife there is added a prayer for fruitfulness in marriage.

In a despatch from Portland to the New York "Tribune" Dr. Chorley emphasizes the action of the Church in reference to modern social problems, and he quotes from the pastoral address of the bishops to the members of the Church which lays upon corporations and labor unions alike the duty of public service. The pastoral indicates also an understanding of what is commonly regarded as the modern revolt of young people and a sympathy with certain objectives of that revolt—the "readiness and determination to level social distinctions and forego social privilege, a larger freedom of social habits and a real democracy of thought and activity." and with this expression of sympathy and understanding the pastoral later couples a warning against the lack of parental control and leadership.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The Episcopal Church has not relaxed its rule against authorizing the Episcopal clergy to perform a marriage ceremony for a person divorced except for the innocent party in case of infidelity. On the contrary, it has made that rule more stringent by making it now a cause for excommunication for persons so remarried.

The Church also recognizes the principle of spiritual healing; but safeguards it by providing that such work

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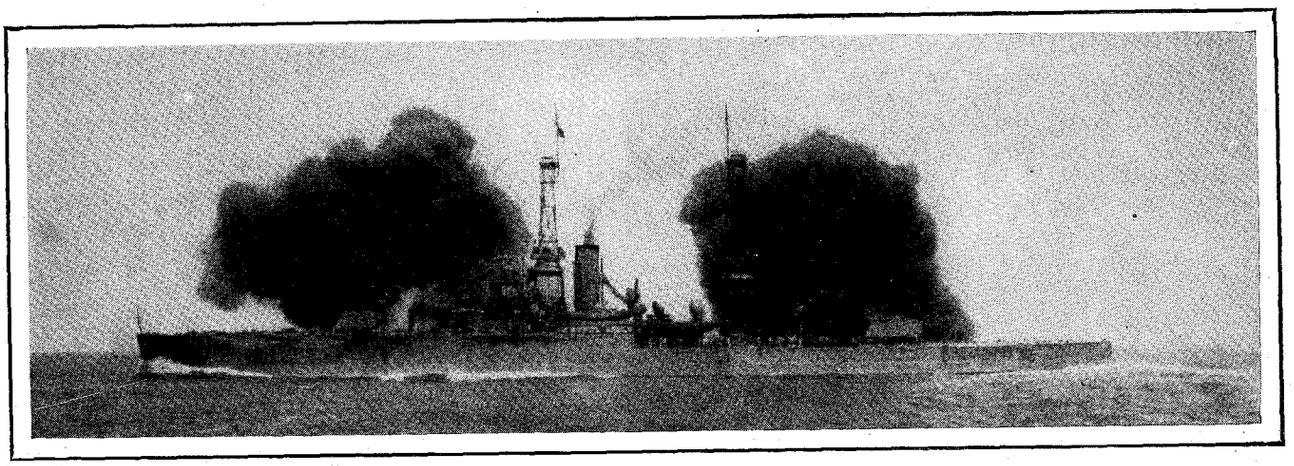


Paul Thompson

THE OKLAHOMA OF THE PACIFIC FLEET FIRING A SALVO OF TEN FOURTEEN-INCH GUNS AT TARGETS TEN MILES AWAY

(For result see picture below)

should be carried on only in co-operation with qualified physicians.

On social problems, in addition to the declaration of the bishops on the relations between capital and labor placing human rights above property rights, declaring a living wage as the first charge on industry, for a substitution of co-operation for competition, for providing the worker with a voice in the control of industry so far as determining his conditions of work and life, the Episcopal Church has expressed its views on social questions as recorded by Dr. Chorley in his despatch to the "Tribune" in these words:

> The Convention has gone on record against the marriage of defectives, mob violence in all its forms, secret organizations which stir up strife between man and man and set race against race and creed against creed. Raffles and gambling in any form are condemned as methods of raising money for churches and charitable institutions, obedience to the Constitution of the United States, especially concerning prohibition, was urged, and war as a means of settling disputes between nations was declared to be unchristian. A joint commission has been appointed to organize men's institutes, and the Convention has declared itself as favoring free speech, free discussion of social problems, and a free press.

Whatever opinions one may have concerning the actions of the Church as thus recorded, it is evident that the Protestant Episcopal Church, while it holds fast the form of sound words, is also pressing forward with life and vigor.

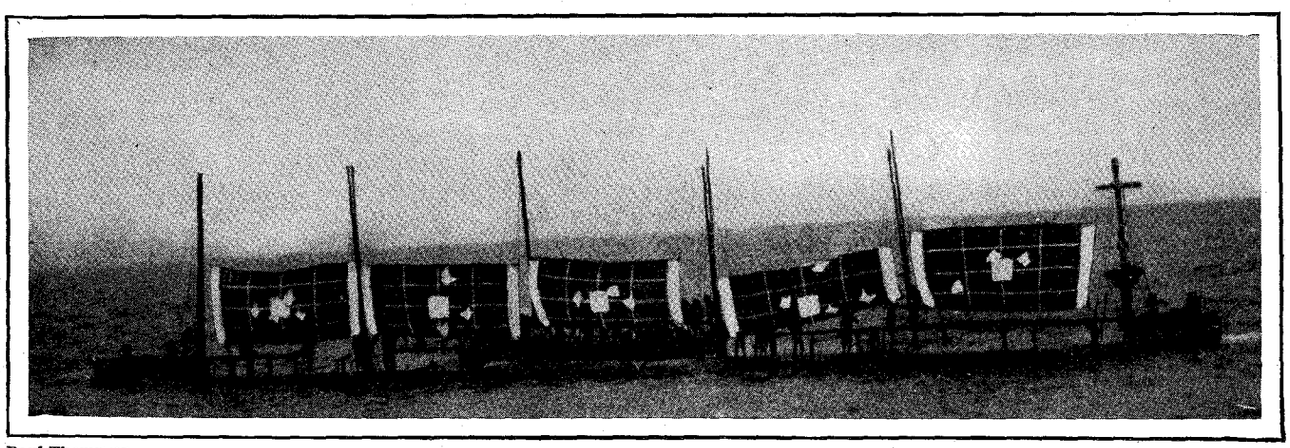
MAINTAINING THE NAVY'S EFFICIENCY

DESPITE decreases in appropriations, limiting the amount of battle practice which the United States Navy can carry out, officials in charge are doing everything possible to keep the efficiency of the Navy up to a high standard; and they believe that their efforts are meeting with success. Like a prudent housewife whose allowance has been diminished, they are obliged to "cut corners" and to economize to keep their house in order, so that if "visitors" should ever come they would be able to "receive" them.

In times of peace battle practice is the life of the Navy. Without it, officers and men alike would soon lose, not only the efficiency, but also the morale and the unity of action without which they would be helpless if ever faced by a real enemy. Unless the officers and men of the Navy keep fit by almost constant practice every vessel in the American fleet might as well be scrapped at once.

There has been no apparent lessening of efficiency in the American Navy, as far as can be observed from what can be made known without betraying secrets to foreign Powers, in regard to the latest battle practice operations of various units of the Navy. These show that the man behind the American gun still has a good eye, and that if he were ever called upon again to defend the rights of mankind he would give a rattling good account of himself. He can pepper targets full of holes, although the mark he is aiming at is many miles away—just how far and just what percentage of shots he makes is only for the eyes of a few Navy officials. The officials of some foreign navies would like to know also; it would be very interesting to compare it exactly with the marksmanship of their crack gunners; but the Navy guards this information zealously.

In a general way, however, they allow



Paul Thompson

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TARGET AFTER THE FIRING OF THE FOURTEEN-INCH GUNS FROM THE OKLAHOMA

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something to be shown—even with pictures—of what the Navy is doing in the way of battle practice. They believe that the people of the Nation are entitled to know what the Navy is doing to keep fit for any emergency to which it might be called.

While the Navy is being cramped at the present time in the amount of battle practice of various kinds in which it can indulge, nevertheless by combining different operations, performing as much as possible in the way of actual maneuver and drill within a given steaming radius, the officers responsible for this part of the Navy's welfare—and a most important part—are succeeding in getting good results. The efficiency of the Navy, it is believed, is being maintained; at least, it is holding its own and not going back.

How long it could do this, however, under skimped appropriations is a question which cannot be answered with any degree of definiteness. It seems to be certain, from the best opinion available on the subject, that a few years of such limited battle practice would begin to tell on the general morale and efficiency of the Navy. With considerable periods of lying idle in port, with some portions of battle practice conducted while lying at anchor instead of "riding the waves" as in genuine battle practice, and with insufficient drill at times perhaps along certain lines of ship operation, there will of necessity come a time when there will be a drop from the high mark of efficiency which the American Navy has maintained up to the present time.

The American Navy is being limited in size; it must not be limited in its ever-ready attempts to excel its own previous records in efficiency.

BOYS AND BOOKS

THE recent occurrence of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams) has raised the question whether the taste of boys in reading has improved or deteriorated in the last fifty years. We doubt if there has been much change. Then, as now, the boy cared more for the substance of the story than for the manner of its telling. Then, as now, parents were glad to have their boys interested in reasonably wholesome tales like those then poured forth in such profusion by Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, later by Henty, and in our day by the football authors of whom Barbour is king, if thereby they could be kept from sensational trash. Beadle's dime novels and the similar Munro series of that day were no more objectionable than the Cap. Collier and Old Sleuth tales a generation later. The hundred stories built up mechanically by Oliver Optic were perfectly proper—he was a school-teacher and an advocate of moral training. If they had no literary grace or quality and if their boy heroes were marvels of ability beyond belief, this did not interfere with their popularity.

Emphatically, with the boy "the plot's the thing;" he has inherited the prehistoric taste of primitive man for the story of adventure and action. It was the tale, as distinguished from the novel, that Sir Philip Sidney had in mind when he spoke of "that which holdeth children from play." But for the boy fifty years ago who could see that there was *something in the books of* J. T. Trowbridge that simply didn't exist in the Oliver Optic stories—that, for instance, Trowbridge's Civil War tales, "Cudjo's Cave" and "The Drummer Boy," had imagination and character depiction, whereas Oliver Optic's "Young Lieutenant" and the long series of military and naval heroes that followed were perfectly wooden—for that boy there was a certainty that literary taste could be developed.

What the boy needs is for some one—librarian, teacher, parent, or, better yet, other boys of a taste a little more advanced than his own—to steer him at just the right time from the pithless, machine-made story to the book that retains the excitement of adventure and yet has the glow of imagination. If it is something that he hasn't been told to read as an educational duty, so much the better. "Ivanhoe," for instance, has pretty nearly been killed for boys in just that way. And if the boy finds it himself, that is the best of all. Happy is the chap who has discovered by his own browsing that there is something more lively and satisfying than the conventional "juvenile" about school life in Stevenson's "Kidnapped" or Kipling's "Kim" and "Captains Courageous," in Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" or Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

A few weeks ago Mr. H. V. Coryell wrote in our Book Table on "What Books Do Boys Recommend to Each Other?" and described interesting experiments in finding the answer. He found that he could get boys to discuss informally the books they read, to tell other boys the books they like and why, and the very process improved their own taste. Moreover, "the honest recommendation of one boy to another carries far more weight than the recommendation of any grown-up; for boys, through sad experience, have come to suspect us adults of wishing to force 'dry old stuff' down their throats." The boys' opinions just after they read the books were divided into those about books no boy should miss, fairly worth-while books, and "time killers;" and the first classification was certainly creditable and reasonably free from the curse of most such lists (especially those made by librarians), that of including just what the makers think every one expects them to put in.

We hope that librarians who deal with children will follow out Mr. Coryell's idea; it is educative to the boys as well as helpful in getting a first-hand view of what boys will read instead of what they ought to read. It would be particularly interesting to apply this test to new books; in the flood of holiday books the librarian feels safer in following the *good old road* and recommending "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates" and "Treasure Island" than in picking out and recommending from among the new books those that will entrance and stir by true imaginative value.

GOING TO COLLEGE

PRESIDENT HOPKINS, of Dartmouth College, has stirred the daily newspapers by asserting in an address to the student body of his institution that too many men are going to college. It is quite natural that just at this time the newspapers should be greatly exercised by the proposal to limit the number of college undergraduates. The football season has just opened. The sport page has grown to be one of the most important pages of American journalism. If college undergraduates are to be limited to those who are really after an education, and who regard athletics as an incident—a pleasant and important incident, it is true, but nevertheless an incident of college life—what is going to become of the sporting page during October and November?

It will not do, however, to treat the discussion with too much levity, for President Hopkins spoke in all seriousness, and what he said is worthy of serious consideration. He regards a college education, which is always given, not at the expense of the student, but at the expense of taxpayers in State institutions and of private donors in endowed institutions, as "definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right." He believes that some way must be found to "define the individuals who shall make up the group to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld." He does not wish this privilege to be "restricted to any class defined by the accident of birth, or by the fortui-

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tous circumstance of possession of wealth."

The social detriment which results from the overcrowding of our colleges is twofold. Many of those who just succeed in getting their academic degrees would have had a better training and a better development of their gifts or capacities by a working experience in the actual problems of life; and there are now so many men thronging university and college class and lecture rooms that the students who have a special capacity for this kind of training are hampered by the "slackening of pace due to the presence of men indifferent or wanting in capacity."

It may seem paradoxical to assert that many of these difficulties would disappear if more men would *go* to college. The trouble is that too many boys are sent there, either because it is the proper thing socially, or because their parents want them to be educated along lines for which they have no bent. Going to college is a very different thing from being sent to college. The boy who goes to college because he is determined to get a training in literature, or history, or philosophy, or languages, or mathematics, or chemistry, usually makes good himself, and makes his professors happy. We doubt if increasing the severity of entrance examinations would be of much benefit. Cramming methods can usually overcome such an obstacle. What will come nearer solving the difficulty is a rigorous weeding out of those who are indifferent or incompetent. This is the method which is pursued at Oxford and Cambridge and at the French universities. In France a university student does not recite his lessons. He hears lectures; he is told what to read on a particular subject; and then he is left with occasional consultation with professors or preceptors to dig his way into the subject himself. If he passes a very stiff examination, he gets his degree; if he fails to pass this stiff examination, he retires.

The ultimate purpose of education is not, we take it, to fill a boy's head with facts like an encyclopædia, but to train him to be able to see the proper relations of the facts which he discovers in his own experience, and to be able to make the right deductions from those relations.

There should be some institutions where men who have the intelligence and capacity can be trained to be leaders of their generation in actual life. Just as the high school is an outgrowth of the grammar school, so there might well be some high colleges into which only those should be received who are especially fit for the finest kind of training.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL

CONGRESS has succeeded in conglomerating the Tariff Bill. The latest protectionist measure which has just gone into effect consists of a long and complicated series of clauses, imposing arbitrary duties with very little coherence or relation to one another. This must be the conclusion of even the layman who looks at Mr. Bell's interesting article on another page. The new law has probably less actual corruption and more illogical selfishness at the back of it than any tariff law passed since the days of that great protagonist of protection, Henry Clay. What the President regards as a great contribution to the science of tariff-making—we mean the clause which empowers the President and the Tariff Commission to change specific duties when they think the good of the country demands it—is not a solution, it is an experiment, and it may not work. The motive which inspired this provision was excellent, but the method is dubious. There are two serious objections to giving the President executive power with regard to the amount of duty to be paid on any particular commodity, and these objections cannot be airily dismissed.

The first objection is that it is bad for the President. The Chief Magistrate of the United States now has burdens of decision and duty which are overwhelming. To subject him to the appeals of importers who believe they are unjustly treated or of manufacturers who think they ought to have more profits is to add a new burden upon him which may prove intolerable. The second objection is that it is bad for American industry. The greatest danger to commerce is uncertainty. An importer buys a bill of goods in Europe. After he has paid his duties, and before he has been able to dispose of his stock, the President by executive order lowers the tariff tax on this particular commodity. His competitors are greatly benefited at his expense. Unless the President is most wisely advised and acts with great wisdom, importation under these circumstances may well be not only perplexing but dangerous. And the difficulties awaiting the importer await also the protected manufacturer. A manufacturer sends out his winter line of gloves at a price contracted by him on the basis of a certain duty. After his contracts are made, the President raises this duty and his competitors can, therefore, ask a higher price. Any provision which makes possible inconsiderate meddling with single and particular schedules of a tariff act and the consequent upsetting of the commercial equilibrium is a great peril to the country; and it is not clear that the present bill has averted this peril.

Whatever tariff changes are made should be based on facts ascertained after investigation in the interest of the whole public and should be put into effect only after full hearings and due notice of the time of change.

Perhaps in this stage the present bill in this particular is as good as could be expected; but its fundamental defect is twofold: It does not provide sufficient safeguards against sudden and unreasonable changes; and at the same time it limits the administrative action of the President and the Tariff Commission by a set of schedules that are unscientific and conglomerate.

One thing in the bill that can be wholeheartedly commended is the defeat of the clause proposing that duties should be levied on an arbitrary and artificial American valuation. Let us at least be reasonable and logical. We either ought to prohibit all importations, or those importations which we do permit to come into the country should be treated with common fairness.

Let it not be supposed that the editors of The Outlook have suddenly become theoretical free-traders. We have not. In this stage of civilization protective measures of various kinds are needed in National life, but they should be framed at least with the best intelligence of which the country is capable. A protective tariff law has three reasons for its existence. Its first object is to raise revenue; its second object is to promote and maintain manufacturing, not for the personal profit of the manufacturer, but for the general public prosperity; and third, it should be so framed as to protect its wage-workers from the cheaper wages or the lower standards of living prevalent in other countries, if there are any such. Five hundred members of Congress, pulled and hauled by conflicting interests, can hardly be expected to give these three functions of a rightly made tariff bill proper consideration. Some day, we suppose, the United States will have a scientific and impartial body which will deal with the tariff with an authority equal in extent and analogous in kind to that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, as an adminsitrative agent of Congress, and an arm of the Executive. Such a body will be able to take the tariff out of politics, for by its investigations it will be able to ascertain and effect such duties as are necessary for revenue, for a subsidy of general manufacturing, and for the maintenance of the highest possible standards of living for wage-workers. Until something of this kind is done, we shall continue to have conglomerations and hodgepodges as the products of tariff legislation.

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OUR NEW TARIFF LAW

BY STEPHEN BELL

FOREIGN EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

As no tariff bill of which the writer has cognizance—not even the "Tariff of Abominations" of pre-Civil War days—ever provoked the widespread excoriation for alleged excesses that has been lavished on the Fordney-McCumber Bill, even by professed protectionists, it is not easy for one who differs from the protectionist school of economics to treat it with entire judicial fairness. It must be said, however, that its departures from the Underwood rates are less glaring than has been asserted, and if the principle of excluding imports for the protection of home industries be sound, it has been but inadequately embodied in the new law. If the principle be unsound, its opponents have been derelict in not having discarded it *in toto*.

The bill, widely heralded as a "scientific tariff law," is of magnificent proportions. As reported to the Senate it made a book of 438 pages. As signed by President Harding it filled, with small type, nearly eight newspaper pages. Small wonder, then, that Congress struggled with it from the House hearings beginning January 7, 1921, to its final passage by the Senate, September 19, 1922, and its signature by the President two days later. Obviously, a bill of this magnitude cannot be adequately treated in a magazine article.

Among the favorable features of this supposedly scientific tariff law may be mentioned its administrative provisions, which, according to S. G. Van Hoesen, Chairman of the Customs Committee of the New York Merchants' Association, will simplify procedure and afford relief to importers in case of errors, which they did not have before. There will be those who differ from President Harding's judgment that the elastic provision of the bill will prove "the greatest contribution toward progress in tariff-making in a century," but that it may afford relief from rates which prove too burdensome is not to be denied. Under this provision manufacturers, importers, and other interested persons may apply to either the President or the Tariff Commission for changes in rates or valuation bases, and the President may, with the approval of the Commission, which is to be enlarged, make changes within a range of fifty per cent of the tax imposed under the law. It is to be doubted if the President realized at the time the bombardment of applications for changes that will descend upon his head.

Opponents of the bill and some legal authorities predict an unprecedented amount of litigation growing out of this "elastic" provision by which the President instead of Congress will make tariff rates, which is said to be unconstitutional, and also out of other provisions of uncertain meaning.

Comparison of the bill as a whole with the Underwood law is made difficult by the fact that so many changes have been made from *ad valorem* to specific duties, or to combinations of specific and *ad valorem* rates, while the "elastic" possibility of upward or downward revision of rates further discourages comparison. From the rates as published I cull these few items:

	Underwood Tariff	New Tariff
Firebrick	10 p.c.	25 p.c.
Glass lenses	25 p.c.	40 p.c.
Asbestos manufactures	10 p.c.	30 p.c.
Glassware	30 p.c.	50 p.c.
Harness hardware	Free	35 p.c.
Thrown silk	15 p.c.	25 p.c.
Silk fabrics	45 p.c.	55 p.c.
Wool, washed	Free	31c lb
Woven wool fabrics	25 @ 35 p.c.	24 @ 45c yd.
Cotton clothing	30 p.c.	35 p.c.
Wheat	Free	30c bu.
Beef and veal	Free	3c lb
Butter	2½c lb	8c lb
Sugar	1c lb	1.76c lb
Peanuts, unshelled	⅜c lb	3c lb
Figs	20 p.c.	35 p.c.
Milled rice	1c lb	2c lb
Cocoanut meat	2c lb	3½c lb
Hay	$2 ton	$4 ton
Furniture	25 p.c.	60 p.c.
Carpets (Brussels)	26 p.c.	40 p.c.
Cutlery	25 @ 30 p.c.	80 @ 175 p.c.
Clocks	30 p.c.	50 p.c.

The dye embargo is dead for this session. Congress could understand an embargo, though it may be doubted if any other than an expert chemist can understand all of the polysyllabic labyrinth of words and figures comprising the chemical schedule. There are lapses from the protective principle in the bill. Leather coverings for the feet are free, leather coverings for the hands are taxed up to 70 per cent. Wood shingles are free, metal roofing is highly taxed. The printer's linotype is free, the housewife's sewing machine is dutiable. The contest over rates and the methods by which agreement was reached have strengthened the sentiment for taking tariff making out of Congress and placing it in the hands of qualified experts, if such can be found.

How will the new tariff affect the fortunes of our people? There are too many factors of uncertain trend to make detailed prophecies of any value. Already Chicago reports an upward revision in dry goods prices, but this may be credited to increased wages and higher prices of raw materials as well as the tariff. Also, Ivy L. Lee returns from Europe and tells Philadelphia bankers that cotton would be selling for 40 to 50 cents a pound if Europe could buy. But Europe has no dollars wherewith to buy, and under the provisions of the new law is unlikely to get any undue number of them. The European food situation is bad, too, but Europe probably will have to buy her food where she can sell her own products.

Germany in particular is badly off for food, but with a quarter trillion of marks already circulating and more issuing at the rate of twenty billion a week, she has broken her financial emergency brake and is slipping down hill for an upset. And German finances affect all Europe.

Tariffs and tariff making in their international aspects have been insufficiently discussed. The British have been startled at the passage of the new law, for they expected radical changes in it. They feel that it will not entirely exclude British goods, however, since shipments of these afford the only means by which the British war debt or interest thereon can be paid. But Lancashire is discouraged. French papers are bitter, contrasting our expressed solicitude for European recovery with this blow at European trade and industry. They also assert that we have cut off means of paying the debts owed us. Mr. Huntington Adams in an article in a New York newspaper sets forth that all the monetary gold outside the United States amounts to but $4,680,000,000, of which our debtors have only $1,720,000,000, and asks how the debts can be paid unless they can create here the credits necessary for their payment. Sir Robert Horne, British Chancellor, is coming here in October to fund the British debt, and perhaps the Government officials will be able to explain this to him.

That the whole question of international trade and exchange is in a critical condition is apparent from Lord Robert Cecil's assertion at Geneva that the economic situation is linked up with disarmament and that disarmament depends on a solution of the international debts. Of course the League knew this before, but it is disconcerting to have the fact advertised just now, while it is still trying to gather the nations together as a hen gathers her chickens.

The consensus of foreign opinion is that we will find we have hurt our own trade quite as much as we have injured that of others. Yet the Department of Commerce is engaged in a world-wide campaign to extol the merits of American products in order to expand our foreign trade, and the proposal to extend foreign credits to facilitate foreign buying is renewed.

We are told that the passage of this new tariff law was necessary because of the debased currencies and lower costs of manufacture in Europe. In the years since the war began our exports have exceeded our imports by 22 billions of dollars, and the balance still runs heavily the same way. In the debate on the tariff 74 exhibits of cheap German

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goods were made. In the fiscal year ended June 30 we imported German goods to the amount of $95,592,000 and sold her $350,442,500 worth of merchandise. There were four exhibits of cheap Japanese goods. Japan's currency has been at par or thereabouts, yet she sold us goods to the amount of $307,515,000 and bought only $248,716,000 worth. Our trade figures in post-war years have been as follows, according to figures of our Department of Commerce:

	Imports.	Exports.
1919	$3,904,364,932	$7,920,425,990
1920	5,278,481,490	8,228,016,307
1921	2,509,147,570	4,485,031,356
1922 [1]	1,942,543,249	2,424,045,754

[1] (8 mos.)

Will the new tariff increase our prosperity? It is obvious that the emergency tariff law, which the new law supersedes, has not benefited the farmers, for whose benefit it was passed. Wheat has in the past few weeks been below pre-war prices and lower than before the law was passed. With Europe prostrate she can buy little. With our exportable products thus backed up, to whom shall we sell? Can labor maintain its standards if the farmer cannot sell and therefore cannot buy, and business again slackens? Has not labor learned that higher wages are valueless if prices advance proportionately?

Heretofore great tidal waves of industrial depression have swept over the earth at intervals of about twenty years, regardless of tariffs, of fiscal systems, of standing armies, of parasitic aristocracies or other differences in national conditions. Count them—1835, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1913, 1921. The stimulus of our Civil War shortened the period several years. The stimulus of the World War, more intense and widespread, spent itself more quickly. The process of recovery has always come eventually, regardless of local conditions. The nations may grow accustomed to their new shackles and again make progress, but can it be said that their progress will be aided by the shackles?

THE BONUS, THE PRESIDENT, AND THE LEGION

THE Adjusted Compensation Bill was, with two exceptions, submitted to the President by Congress in substantially the form reported in The Outlook for September 13. The two exceptions were the omission of the clause providing that funds for the bonus might be paid from the interest on our foreign debt, and the withdrawal of the plan for a $350,000,000 reclamation project which was to be made a part of the rehabilitation programme.

In perhaps the clearest and most cogently reasoned statement which Mr. Harding has yet issued, the bill as submitted to him was vetoed on September 19. The President's statesmanlike veto is in exact line with his previous views on the bonus question, and deserves study in full. But perhaps the following excerpts cover its most important conclusions.

The President says:

> In legislating for what is called adjusted compensation, Congress failed, first of all, to provide the revenue from which the bestowal is to be paid.
>
> Moreover, it establishes the very dangerous precedent of creating a treasury covenant to pay which puts a burden, variously estimated between $4,000,000,000 and $5,000,000,000, upon the American people, not to discharge an obligation, which the Government always must pay, but to bestow a bonus which the soldiers themselves, while serving in the World War, did not expect.

He goes on to acknowledge the very real obligation of the Government to those "who left the armies injured, disabled, or diseased," and describes what is being done for the men broken by the war. Five hundred and ten million dollars is the charge on the Government on this account in the year 1922, and the President estimates that next year probably more than $470,000,000 will be required. There has been grave evidence that this money has not all been wisely and advantageously spent, but the President is right in pointing out that this total indicates that the country wishes to deal properly and generously with its disabled men.

Of the actual benefits which the proposed bill would bestow on uninjured veterans, the President says that the bill states in effect, "'We do not have the cash, we do not believe in a tax levy to meet the situation, but here is our note; you may have our credit for half its worth.' This," says the President, "is not compensation, but rather a pledge by the Congress, while the executive branch of the Government is left to provide for payments falling due in ever-increasing amounts."

Of the financial arrangements called for by the bill the President further says:

> When the bill was under consideration in the House, I expressed the conviction that any grant of bonus ought to provide the means of paying it, and I was unable to suggest any plan other than that of a general sales tax. Such a plan was unacceptable to the Congress, and the bill has been enacted without even a suggested means of meeting the cost. Indeed, the cost is not definitely known, either for the immediate future or in the ultimate settlement. The Treasury estimates, based on what seems the most likely exercise of the options, figure the direct cost at approximately $145,000,000 for 1923, $225,000,000 for 1924, $114,000,000 for 1925 and $312,000,000 for 1926, making a total of $795,000,000 for the first four years of its operation, and a total cost in excess of $4,000,000,000. No estimate of the large indirect cost ever had been made. The certificate plan sets up no reserve against the ultimate liability. The plan avoids any considerable direct outlay by the Government during the earlier years of the bill's proposed operations, but the loans on the certificates would be floated on the credit of the nation. This is borrowing on the nation's credit just as truly as though the loans were made by direct Government borrowing and involves a dangerous abuse of public credit. Moreover, the certificate plan of payment is little less than certified inability of the Government to pay, and invites a practice of sacrificial barter which I cannot sanction.

The President defines the essential elements of public credit thoughtfully and clearly:

> It is worth remembering that the public credit is founded on the popular belief in the defensibility of public expenditure, as well as the Government's ability to pay. Loans come from every rank in life, and our heavy tax burdens reach, directly or indirectly, every element in our citizenship. To add one-sixth of the total sum of our public debt for a distribution among less than 5,000,000 out of 110,000,000, whether inspired by grateful sentiment or political expediency, would undermine the confidence on which our credit is builded and establish the precedent of distributing public funds whenever the proposal and the numbers affected make it seem politically appealing to do so.

The difficulty of arranging for an expenditure at this time which might have been easily accomplished during the war is outlined in the following words:

> It is sometimes thoughtlessly urged that it is a simple thing for the rich Republic to add $4,000,000,000 to its indebtedness. This impression comes from the readiness of the public response to the Government's appeal for funds amid the stress of war. It is to be remembered that in the war everybody was ready to give his all. Let us not recall the comparatively few exceptions. Citizens of every degree of competence loaned and sacrificed, precisely in the same spirit that our armed forces went out for service. The war spirit impelled. To a war necessity there was but one answer, but a peace bestowal on the ex-service man, as though the supreme offering could be paid for with cash, is a perversion of public funds, a reversal of the policy which exalted patriotic service in the past, and sug-

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gests that future defense is to be inspired by compensation rather than consciousness of duty to flag and country.

Mr. Harding apparently believes that the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Act would not obviate the need, real or political, of a later passage of pension legislation similar to that which has followed all our wars in the past:

> It is to be remembered that the United States played no self-seeking part in the World War and pursued an unselfish policy after the cause was won. We demanded no reparation for the cost involved, no payments out of which obligations to our soldiers could be met. I have not magnified the willing outlay in behalf of those to whom we have a sacred obligation. It is essential to remember that a more than $4,000,000,000 pledge to the able-bodied ex-service men now will not diminish the later obligations which will have to be met when the younger veterans of to-day shall contribute to the rolls of the aged, indigent, and dependent.
>
> It is as inevitable as that the years will pass that pension provision for World War veterans will be made, as it had been made for those who served in previous wars. It will cost more billions than I venture to suggest. There will be justification when the need is apparent, and a rational financial policy to-day is necessary to make the nation ready for the expenditure which is certain to be required in the coming years. The contemplation of such a policy is in accord with the established practice of the nation, and puts the service men of the World War on the same plane as the millions of men who fought the previous battles of the Republic.

We trust that, with or without an adjusted compensation act, the country will never again witness such a pension scandal as followed the Civil War. Probably the President is right in saying that some form of pension system is inevitable, but there have been abuses of our pension system in the past which should never be permitted to recur again. Indeed, the War Risk insurance plan, which the Government had the foresight to adopt, was supposed to obviate the need of an alms-like pension system.

THE VETO SUSTAINED

As readers of The Outlook know, the House voted to overrule the President's veto by a vote of 258 to 54. The Senate voted to sustain the veto by a margin of four votes. Among the Republican Senators who voted to override the veto were Senators Capper, Cummins, Kellogg, La Follette, Lenroot, Lodge, and McCumber. Seventeen Democrats joined their Republican colleagues in an attempt to overrule the President. Among them were Senators Culberson, Heflin, Hitchcock, and Reed.

There were twenty-one Republicans who voted to sustain the veto, and they included Senators Borah, Calder, Moses, Newberry, Pepper, Smoot, and Wadsworth. Senators Williams, Glass, Owen, and Underwood were among the seven Democrats to vote to sustain the veto.

THE LEGION AND THE VETO

The position of the American Legion is defined in a statement sent to The Outlook by its Commander, Hanford MacNider, at our telegraphic request.

SPEAKING before his organization a month or so ago, the President of the Bankers' Association of the State which has the highest per capita wealth in the Union said, "To say that our country cannot afford to adjust in some small measure the difference in compensation between the man who went to war and the man who stayed at home is to indict us for incompetence and to impeach us for ingratitude." The offering of a man's life and his services with the colors at least should receive equal consideration with the services of contractors, manufacturers, railways, and shipping interests. These obligations have been or are being paid, and they are undoubtedly proper debts, but the obligation to the veteran still remains and will remain until some adjustment is made. The Nation stands behind us when we say that the economic handicap of the veteran is not the Nation's intention or wish. Its representatives in Congress time and again have expressed this feeling by the passage of this legislation by large majorities. President Harding has prevented its enactment into law. Heretofore he has stated that he believed some such legislation should be passed. He asked that a revenue feature be part of the measure. He now suggests that a pension system in the future would be the proper solution.

The American Legion feels and always has felt that if benefit to the veterans concerned were provided now, no great pension system, except for the disabled, would be necessary during the coming years to meet their handicap. Not only would immediate adjustment save the Nation billions of dollars, but it would restore the faith of men sorely tried by what they feel to be National ingratitude and injustice.

The battle for adjusted compensation has only just begun. The President has made the task doubly hard, but no one can stand between the wish of the people and fulfillment of what they believe to be a just obligation. The first bills introduced in the next session of Congress will be for adjusted compensation. Postponement for a few months will only strengthen the measure, and we shall win this fight. We are right, and right always prevails in America.

HANFORD MACNIDER.

"OUR BUSINESS"

THE DEFENSE OF THE BOSPHORUS AND DARDANELLES

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

THE seeds of the present trouble in the Middle East were sown before the Great War. The naval and military aspects of a possible war with Germany were carefully studied in Great Britain in pre-war days by the Committee of Imperial Defense, but no special attention was devoted to conditions likely to arise out of a war against Turkey in alliance with Germany. The result was that, when Turkey came into the war, the Mesopotamian and Dardanelles campaigns were launched by independent authorities without considering the war situation as a whole, the military resources available, or the probable aftermath of our war strategy. Our failures in the Dardanelles and in the early stages of the Mesopotamian campaign landed us in a difficult situation, which was retrieved, partly by General Maude in Mesopotamia, and finally by Allenby's brilliant campaign in Palestine and Syria. Turkey was knocked out, and ready to agree to any terms if they could be enforced without delay. The delays have been interminable, and we are still technically at war with Turkey. The situation is now serious.

The trouble began with the extension of Greek territory over a large portion of Asia Minor under the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres, which has never been ratified. It was chiefly on this account that the Nationalist Turks under Mustapha Kemal defied the Constantinople Government and started their campaign in Anatolia. This brings us to our own part in the matter. We accepted the military responsibility for keeping the Dardanelles and Bosphorus open to the sea-traffic of the whole world. There were heavy drains at the time upon our military resources to provide for contingencies in India, in Mesopotamia, in

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Palestine, in Egypt, in the Rhinelands, and in Ireland, in addition to the normal demands upon our army to provide the usual oversea garrisons. The security of the Straits, as we were told by Mr. Lloyd George when the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres were published, was "our business." America was unwilling to accept the responsibility. Neither France nor Italy could spare the troops, so we undertook to provide them. We are still doing so.

Unfortunately, soon after we undertook the responsibility, we found that we could not, out of our own resources, provide a sufficiently strong force to secure both the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus against attacks by Kemalist National troops from the Asiatic side, and we were obliged to call in the aid of the Greeks, who responded with enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the British public at the time was much occupied with home affairs and heartily sick of everything to do with warfare. The press and Parliament devoted scarcely any attention to a situation pregnant with possibilities. In pre-war days press correspondents of the first rank would have swooped down upon the spot, and we should have had constant and reliable information. As matters were we only received information tainted at the source by Greek, Turkish, and Bolshevik propagandists. We gathered that the Greek troops had helped to drive back the Kemalists and insure the security of the Bosphorus. The next thing we heard was that Greek troops were landing at various places in the Sea of Marmora under the guns of British war vessels. Then that the Greek army was undertaking a campaign on a large scale in Asia Minor, far beyond the limits of the territory assigned to Greece by the Sèvres Treaty. We heard of friction with Italian troops on their southern flank, and, later on, of the withdrawal of the Italians from Asia Minor. A definite statement was published, said to emanate from the Greek General Staff, that the Greek army was embarking on the campaign at the request of the British Commander-in-Chief at Constantinople. That statement I do not believe. Then came Greek successes, and a refusal to make peace. Then the French treaty with the Kemalists, affecting most seriously our military position in Mesopotamia by surrendering to the Turks territory forming a corridor to its frontiers. Then came the understanding between the Kemalists and the Bolsheviks, the betrayal of Armenia, and now the *débâcle* of the Greek armies in Asia Minor and the occupation of Smyrna by the Turks. Such, in brief terms, is the history of the policy which has led up to the present situation in the Asiatic side of the Straits, the defense of which has been proclaimed to be "our business."

From our point of view the situation is as it was before we called in the aid of the Greeks. The security of the

THE REGION OF THE GRECO-TURKISH CONFLICT

Straits may be threatened from the Asiatic side by Kemalist forces. What could they do to interfere with the free passage of merchant shipping through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus? The war, if there is to be one, will be an amphibious war if ever there was one; and this time let us hope that we shall not forget that war vessels cannot climb mountains. The land on both sides abounds in cover, in hills, underfeatures, and woody scrub. Communications, essential to the maintenance of armies of any appreciable size, are deficient on the Asiatic side. The railway from Ismid to Scutari, opposite to Constantinople, is the most important. It is exposed throughout its length to bombardment from the sea. There is also the short line from Brusa to Mudania on the coast, and the line from Smyrna to Panderma. Sea transport is easy, land transport is difficult. This fact, if intelligently applied, puts us on interior lines and enables us to make effective use of such troops as may be available. They can move faster by sea than by land. Responsibility for maintaining order in Constantinople is a handicap that must be accepted. The conditions of the problem are that we have sufficient naval forces on the spot to control the sea communications, but troops will be needed if there should be any attempts by hostile forces to approach the shores of the Straits to snipe at passing steamers, or to harass them with mobile gun or howitzer fire. Former experience of gunfire from the sea against such pieces, if well concealed, is not encouraging, but, with aircraft available, air observation should greatly increase its effectiveness. Such are the conditions of the problem if (this seems inconceivable) we are to be left to guard the Straits without the aid of other countries in whose interests they are guarded.

So far allusion has been made only to the Asiatic side. The Nationalist Turks are also credited with a determination to regain Turkish dominion in Thrace, especially over Adrianople, and to do away with foreign control over Constantinople and the belt of territory now administered by the Allies on each side of the Straits. Thrace is in occupation of a Greek army which only a few weeks ago was knocking at the gates of the Chataldja Lines covering Constantinople. There is at present no reason to suppose that the Greeks will be unable to deal with any situation that may arise. As regards ourselves, we have been given a peep into the enemy's brain. The policy both of the Kemalists and of their allies the Bolsheviks has been, and will be, to try to create trouble in other regions, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in India, with a view to forcing us to use there the military resources needed to maintain "our business," the security of the Straits for the flags of all nations.

If the world is to have the longed-for peace, the essential condition is to secure united action between the countries most concerned, France, Italy, ourselves, and, let us hope, America. If this combination can once more be restored, then the abandonment, in the face of military defeat, of Greek ambitions for territorial expansion in Asia Minor may, after all, come to be a blessing in disguise. That statement is made solely from the point of view of naval and military (commonly called amphibious) strategy. I have not touched the urgent question of protecting the Christians in Asia Minor. We have neither the financial nor the fighting resources to save them from what, judging from precedents, may mean wholesale massacre. We cannot, without the whole-hearted support of other nations, make their protection "our business."

Court House, Lower Woodford, Salisbury, England, September 13, 1922.

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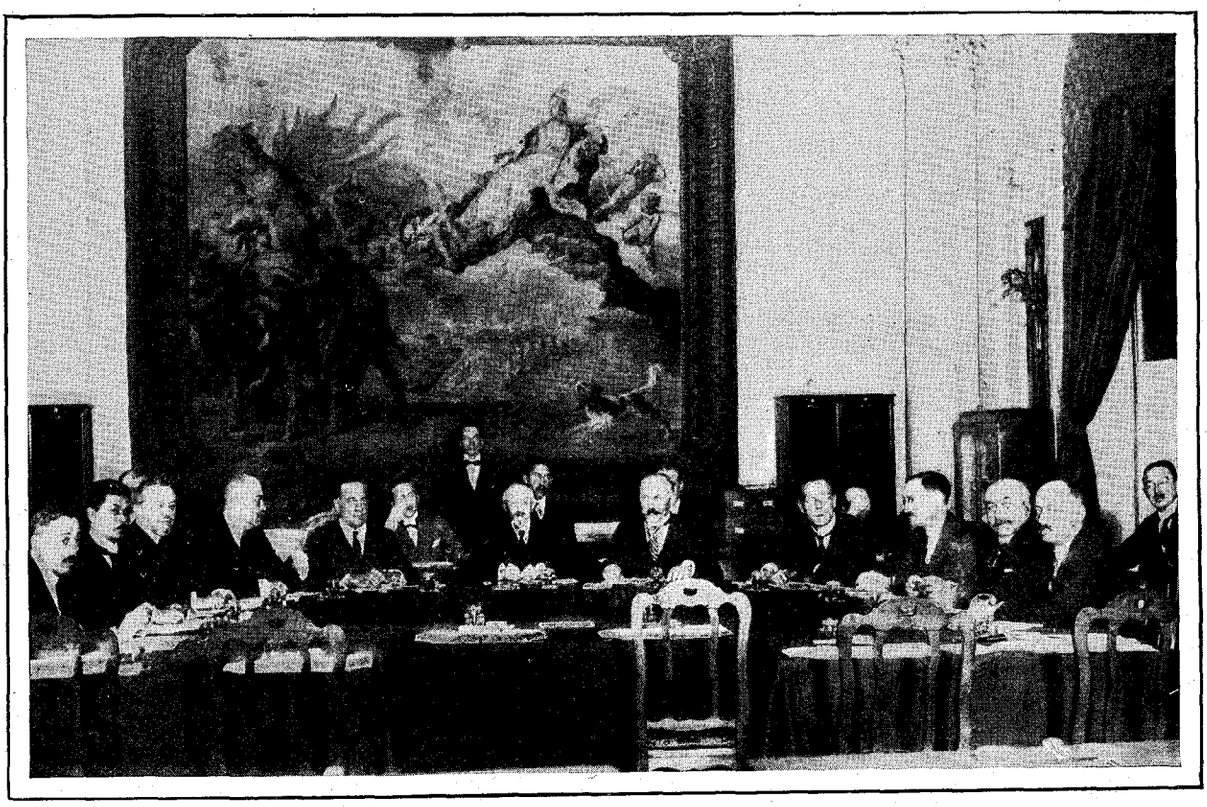
CONFISCATION AND REPARATION

Wide World Photos

RUSSIAN CROWN JEWELS IN THE HANDS OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

This is said to be the entire collection of jewels of the former rulers of Russia, beginning with Catherine II and Paul I. The glittering array includes the Czar's crown, shown on the dais, made for Catherine II, containing the great uncut Balai ruby, brought from Peking in the seventeenth century. Directly beneath this crown, mounted in the scepter shown in a diagonal position, is a huge diamond, probably the Grand Mogul. The men in the photograph include the Soviet treasure fund administrators and the French jewel expert who made the official valuation (announced as the incredible sum of "sixty billion dollars"). The men in smocks are the peasant guards of the treasures



Underwood

THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION AT PARIS

This photograph, taken at the Hotel Astoria in Paris, August 30, 1922, shows the members of the Allied Reparations Commission in session under the presidency of M. Dubois. In the center, between figures standing near the tapestry, is President Dubois. Fourth from left, profile, cigarette in hand, is M. Schroeder. To the right of M. Dubois is M. Mavilere; next to him is Sir John Bradbury

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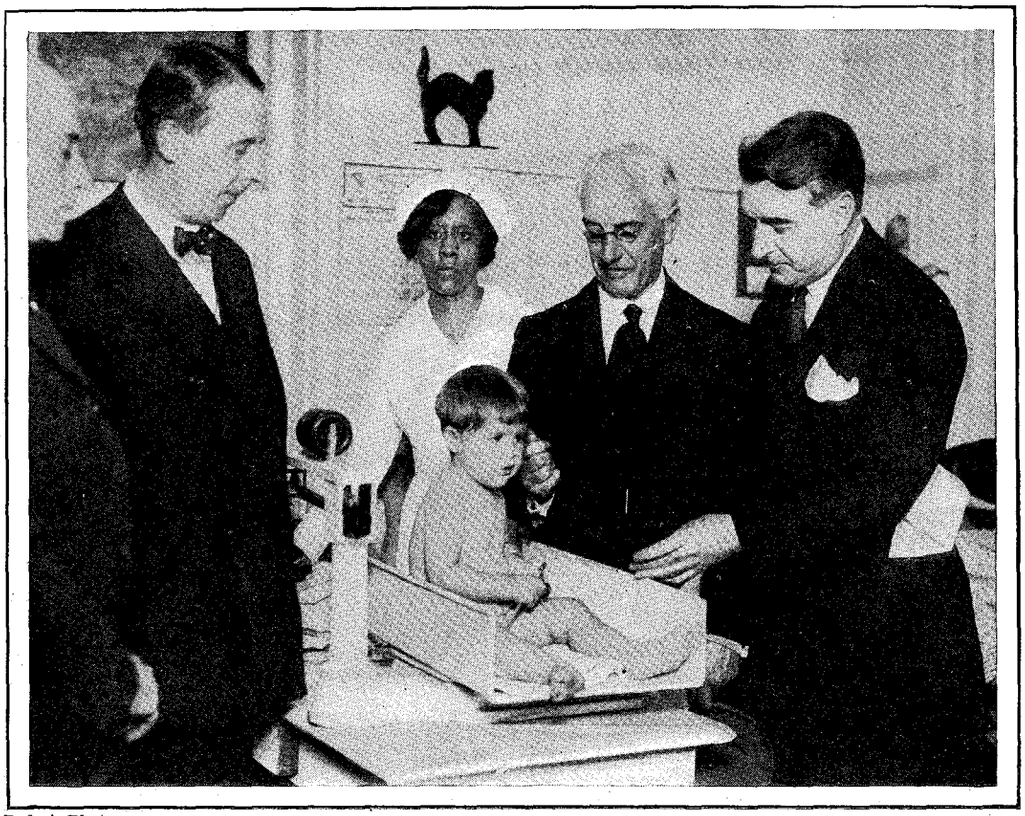
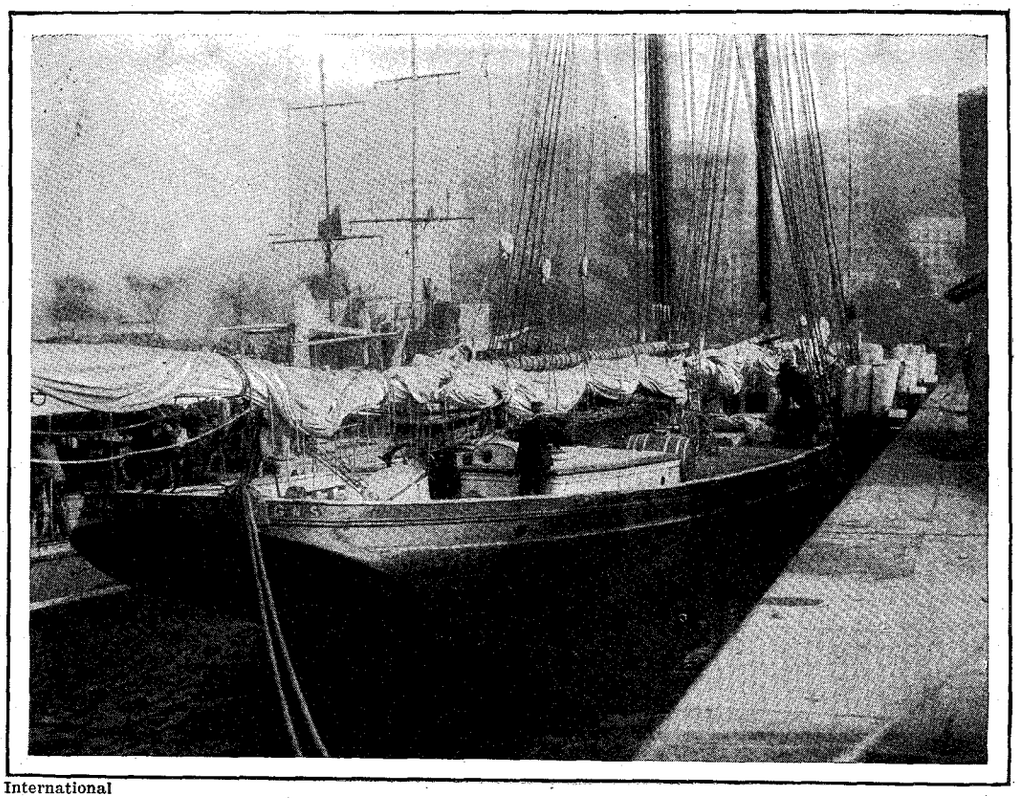
VISITORS WELCOME AND UNWELCOME

A BRITISH COMMISSION IN AMERICA TO STUDY THE MILK PROBLEM

Members of the Commission, which will study the milk problem and other civic health problems in American distributing centers, are (left to right): A. G. Raymond, of the United Dairies, Ltd., of England; Ernest Evans, member of Royal Institute of Public Health of London. Dr. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York City, is at the right



P & A Photos



International

A CAPTURED RUM-RUNNER AT A NEW YORK PIER

The Government rum-hunters captured a rich prize when they took the two-masted schooner M. M. Gardiner off the Highlands in lower New York Harbor. She is said to have had on board, in addition to a cargo of the "real stuff," a chest containing $40,000 in gold, apparently the proceeds of a previous expedition

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THE GREEN GOLD OF THE TROPICS

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

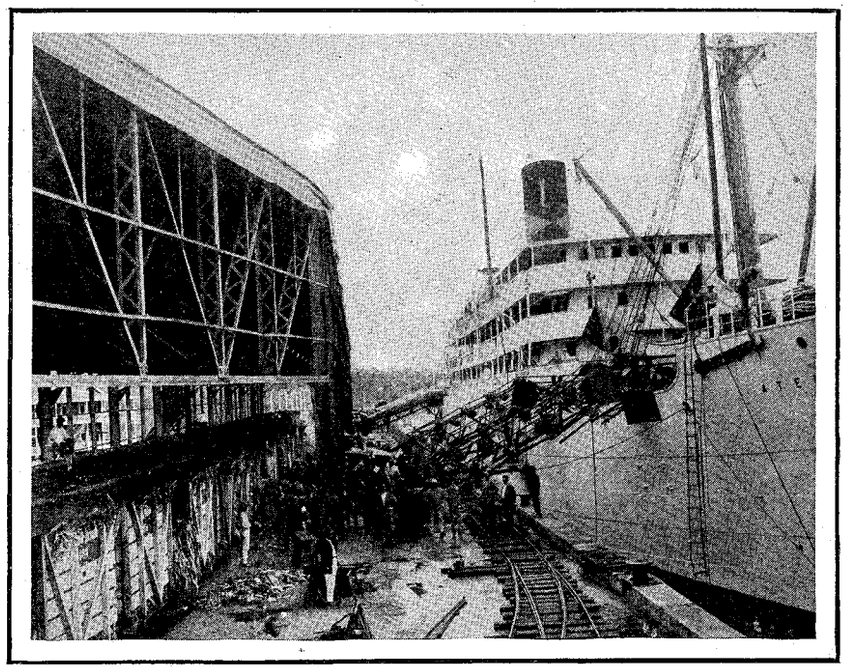
IT is midnight. The steamy tropical air is fanned by Caribbean breezes. Their touch is velvety, like the tropical darkness through which they move.

A long white ship, at rest alongside the enormous dock and loading-shed of Port Limon, rises and falls in languid rhythm with the drowsy motion of the sea.

Suddenly dusky signalmen wave their lanterns, and a seemingly interminable string of freight cars is discovered pulling slowly toward the dock. It is a banana train from the fertile interior of Costa Rica. Workmen are swarming to the shed, fellows of every hue and shade —powerful African blacks, coffee-colored natives, Jamaicans with their peculiar subcutaneous glow, and muscular whites from heaven knows where.

By two A.M. the immense automatic loading machines have been wheeled into position, have been clamped to the side of the ship, and have begun to discharge the contents of the freight train into the enormous holds. Under the glare of the electric lights on the dock an unforgetable scene is being enacted. The polyglot swarm of men who were a few minutes ago loafing aimlessly about have suddenly been galvanized into action, and are now working together like orderly parts of one highly perfected mechanism.

The color of jade dominates the strange nocturnal scene. Every loading machine is now connected with the broad side door of one of the freight cars by a continuously revolving chain of dock workers, carrying bunches of bananas as green as emerald. The loading goes on without a hitch, night and day, until the hold is full. Cargoes of 75,000 or even 80,000 bunches are loaded in twelve to fourteen hours; and directly the loading is completed, the big white ship sails for its northern port.



The color of jade dominates the scene. Cargoes of 75,000 to 80,000 bunches of bananas are loaded in twelve to fourteen hours. As soon as the loading is completed, the big white ship sails for its northern port

SCIENCE GRAPPLES WITH THE JUNGLE

Back of this drama of the dock there is a monumental drama of modern science and commerce that the traveler behind the rail of the ship does not see or guess. These arriving dunes of jungle-green fruit are fitting symbols of a conquest of the torrid wilderness by private enterprise that has done more for the territories concerned than their governments themselves.

A day or two before one of the big banana ships steams into its port of supply, news of its approach is flashed to the jungle by wireless. This flash of news through the drowsy tropical air is picked up by telegraph and telephone, and is at once transmitted to the plantations and their outposts.

Suddenly the waiting banana lands resolve themselves into swift and orderly action. Cutting orders are tersely issued. Glittering blades chop the fruit-bunches from their trees. Ox-carts and freight cars are made ready, and in a few hours' time train-loads of bananas, numbering twenty to forty cars, are winding their way to the waterfront to meet the approaching ship. Not a moment is permitted to be lost between the time the fruit is lopped off the trees and the time it goes aboard ship for its journey to the tables of the world.

Back of the voyages that scores of big, modern refrigerator ships are making to the tropics is a story of the conquest of obstacles that few enterprises have ever been compelled to face. It is the story of stupendous pioneer work in agriculture and commerce. These fruit-growers have been compelled to enter some of the most forbidding jungles on the face of the earth and to tame them. They have had to devise their own methods as they fought their way in. They have had to become experts in hygiene, sanitation, and sociology itself.

These fruit-growers have penetrated regions where organized industry had never been known before. They have taught thousands of natives efficient team-work. They have given steady jobs to thousands of drowsy natives who were never on a pay-roll before. They have cleaned up jungles that used to be death-traps, have cleaned up mosquito-breeding swamps and marshes, and have sent forth an army of doctors to rout out disease. They have built houses, bakeries, laundries, water systems, and electric light plants for their workmen, and have strung telephone wires through the wilderness.

The northern farmer can scarcely comprehend the terrific fertility of the tropical soil where the rays of the sun descend like swords, and the jungle harbors innumerable slinking foes. Here is the native habitat of deadly fevers. But to-day vast areas of Colombia, South America, Central America, and the West Indies have been made habitable as the result of a great quest for yellow treasure. But it is not the yellow treasure sought by Morgan and his pirates. It is the yellow treasure that you can buy at any fruit-stand or grocery store for a few cents.

HUMID SLOPES WHERE BANANAS GROW

The low, gradual slopes of the Caribbean coasts are ideal for banana-growing. From here the world gets most of its bananas, and its best bananas. Here the hot days and humid nights, with an annual rainfall of from 80 to 200 inches, brood over some of the greatest fruit farms in the world. Hundreds of millions of dollars of American capital have been poured into the development of these great tracts. Railways, tramways, docks, villages, and hospitals have sprung up.

The farmer of the temperate zone would gasp if he could see these enormous farming projects. A selected locality is first thoroughly explored as to its fitness for banana cultivation, with respect to climate, soil, rainfall, drainage, liability to damage by floods and hurricanes, and the feasibility of secur-

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ing adequate labor and supplying transportation. Forests and brush have to be cleared away, great drainage ditches dug, and houses, railways, and tramways constructed. Only then does the actual planting begin.

The overseer or "mandador" of a banana plantation has to combine an assortment of executive qualities that would make an ordinary executive stagger under the load. He must understand the naïve simplicity of the laborers under his command, and must organize them into competent working units. He must understand the botany of the banana and the moods of the tropical soil and weather, and must know how to rush large shipments of the fruit, perhaps over many miles of rail, to a ship at a given time. He must understand housing, merchandising, sanitation, and medical requirements.

These fruit growers have been compelled to enter some of the most forbidding jungles on the face of the earth and to tame them

THE NEW SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

The banana trade has developed a new soldier of fortune, for this business requires courage and wits and stamina of a hardy quality and large dimensions. From the financiers at their desks in Boston and from the mariner on the bridge, down to ditch-diggers and dock-laborers, the tropical fruit industry has no room in it for weaklings.

Between planting and harvest a banana plantation is subjected to all manner of hazards. Excessive rains may cause rivers to overflow, and may cause great losses. A hurricane may cause a total loss of the crop. Even wind storms blowing only twenty to thirty miles per hour often prove highly destructive, especially where the fruit is about ready to be cut. A drought may seriously retard the crop. Ravages of locusts and other insects sometimes occur.

The fruit trees of the north bear fruit year after year, but the banana tree bears only once, a single bunch, and is cut down when the fruit is harvested. Seed bulbs, or "bits," weighing from three to four pounds each, are planted, and it takes the tree from twelve to fifteen months to bear.

THE GENIUS OF THE BANANA TRADE

Great commercial demands invariably produce the genius required to fill them. And the world's demand for bananas produced the leader of the banana trade in Andrew W. Preston. He supplied both the penetrating insight into the need and the skill and resourcefulness required to fill that need.

Back in the days when an occasional schooner limped into Boston with a cargo of bananas, it occurred to Mr. Preston to organize banana-growing and the banana trade on first-class modern lines. He broached the subject to various business men, but the latter, raised in the sheltered environment of their ancestral New England factories, preferred to stick to manufacture and to known factors of supply and demand. What? Chuck their money into growing bananas, and then import them 1,400 to 2,200 miles to Boston? No. It didn't sound businesslike.

But nine men were finally persuaded to join Mr. Preston. They put up $2,000 each, and a company was incorporated. Outsiders considered the venture about the biggest gamble this side of Monte Carlo. Perhaps that is why Mr. Preston's nine partners literally remained silent partners. They were shrewd enough, however, to agree that for five years the profits, if any, should be spent in development work.

That was the beginning of the bridge of bananas that to-day connects the tropics with every grocery store in the world.

Suddenly the waiting banana lands resolve themselves into swift and orderly action, and in a few hours' time train-loads of bananas are rushing to the water-front to meet the approaching ship

HEALING BY WIRELESS

A few weeks ago the newspapers carried a remarkable despatch. It described a new system of medical service and consultation by radio for ships at sea, free to the ships of all nations, and primarily designed to assist vessels not carrying medical officers. It is another of Mr. Preston's ideas.

"This means," said Mr. Preston, "that the captain of any steamship requiring medical assistance may radio one of our hospitals or passenger ships through our radio stations, details of a case of ill-

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ness or accident on his vessel, and receive without charge, so far as we are concerned, experienced medical advice. While the service is mainly for ships not carrying doctors, it is also at the disposal of vessels whose medical officers desire the benefit of consultation with other physicians. For instance, in the case of an obscure malady, or one where the patient's symptoms may indicate any of a number of complications, a ship's doctor may call our hospital staffs and medical men into consultation by radio, thus adding their knowledge and experience to his own as in medical practice on land."

WINTRY GALES IN HOLDS OF TROPICAL SHIPS

After the banana's journey to the loading dock, and thence into the hold of the ship, a still stranger drama of modern science enacts itself. Throughout the ship's dash through tropical waters for its northern port, the temperature in the holds is kept at about 54 degrees. The fruit is cooled to the required tempearture by refrigerating apparatus. The air is passed over brine-coils, which cool and dry it, and it is then circulated by fans through the fruit holds.

The same careful inspection and rigid temperature requirements attend the fruit on its journey by rail to the final point of distribution; and the ripening occurs only in the banana rooms of the jobber. Ripening consists of vital changes that take place within the cells of the fruit, which is at length placed on the market as a matured product at its highest intrinsic value, having developed the correct color, firmness, flavor, and the highest degree of food value.

FROM THE WORKSHOP OF THE GODS

The banana is apparently as old as tropical fertility itself. The ancients of Egypt and Assyria had their bananas and cream, separately even if not in the same dish. Alexander the Great found large banana tracts in India, and must have consumed the fruit thereof with the same relish confessed in later years by Prime Minister Disraeli, who said:

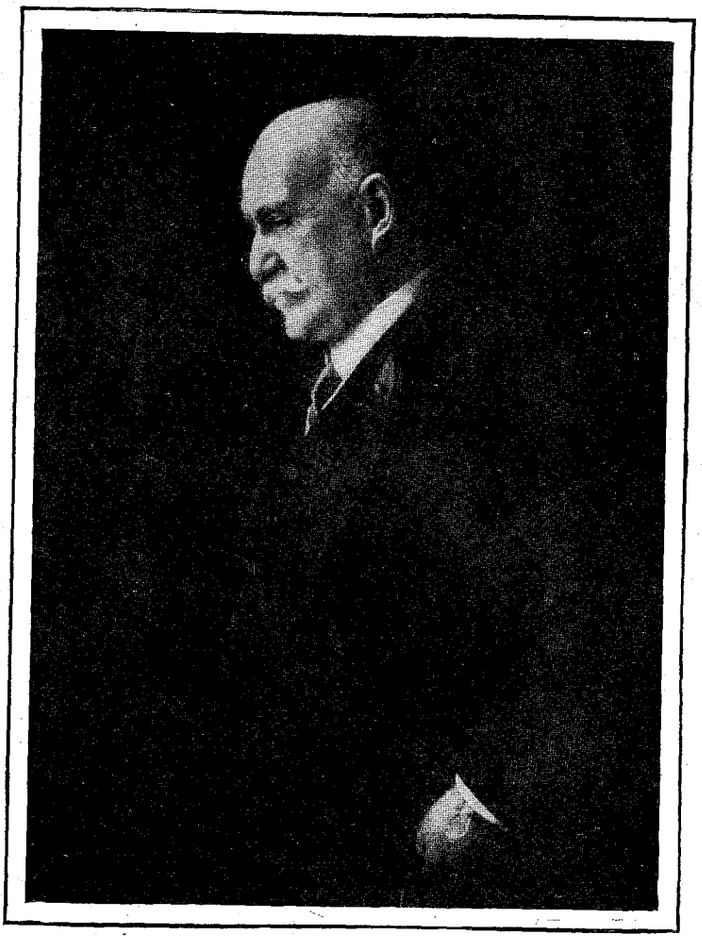
"The most delicious thing in the world is a banana."

For centuries the banana has engaged the ingenuity of cooks and chefs, and yet the public generally is just awakening to the value of the banana as a daily food. Its use in cakes, fritters, custards, salads, and in the festive banana-split at soda fountains, is, of course, common. But many people are surprised to learn that a banana can be baked, fried, and cooked in numerous other ways.

It comes to the culinary stage ready to play a dual rôle. It is both a fruit and a vegetable. Down near the equator the natives cut it up green and eat it in soup. It is roasted green and fried green in butter. I have even seen banana flour at the grocery store.

The best time to eat a banana is when the ripening process has advanced to the point where its skin begins to darken and to become slightly discolored, for then its pulp is mellow, its flavor and sweetness are at their best, and it is most easily digested. If a banana is a little under-ripe, don't put it in the ice-chest. Let it ripen at a normal temperature; too low a temperature damages the fine flavor that comes with normal ripening.

If you ever feel any suspicion of bananas because they are cut green, dismiss it. The banana is always cut green, even when consumed by natives in the tropics, for if it is allowed to ripen on the plant it becomes insipid in flavor.



ANDREW W. PRESTON

Mr. Preston is the recognized leader of the banana industry

IN A GERM-PROOF PACKAGE

Almost as much fuss is made in food-product manufacturing circles these days about containers and packages as about the goods themselves. The invention of an appropriate patent container has made many a man a tidy fortune. But the pulp of the banana comes to you in a carefully developed container, invented by the lady known as Mother Nature. It is a germ-proof package, hermetically sealed. No worm, blight, or insect sting affects the fruit within.

Are you concerned with calories, vitamines, and such-like scientific novelties? Then behold in the banana a food brimful of nourishment. It contains three times the protein of the apple, nearly twice as much carbohydrate and three times as much fat as the orange, and exceeds the potato by about twenty per cent in fuel or food value.

Professor Samuel C. Prescott, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, finds that the banana provides more actual food for the same cost than any other fresh fruit, vegetable, or fish, and more than meat, milk, or eggs. He reports that the banana is a far more useful all-round food than a pure meat diet. Ripe bananas, with their powerful tissue-building character, are especially recommended for growing children.

During the past ten years Mr. Preston and his associates have grown and shipped 284,000,000 bunches of bananas from the tropics, of which 230,000,000 bunches were served on the tables of the United States. But the continuous flood of this green gold product of the tropics to the tables of the world is much more than an ambitious venture in agriculture and distribution. It has changed ancient civilizations, and has bound together North America, Central America, South America, and the West Indies in a lasting knot that has proved profitable to them all.

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GIVING THE MIDDLE WEST THE ONCE OVER

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

We have asked Senator Davenport, who is in the Middle West, to send us some letters of special correspondence from that section of the country, interesting at all times, but especially interesting in a year when politics is in motion. The Middle West has always made its distinct contribution to change and progress in this country. Events in Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, North Dakota, and Wisconsin indicate that this year is no exception.—THE EDITORS.

AN editor sitting at a desk in the East knows about as much of what the country is thinking as a Congressman sitting in a swivel chair in the House building in Washington. Both rational political changes and irrational political convulsions are more apt to come out of the West than out of any other part of America. This section is full of political laboratories, has always been full of them. So has the Far West. This is the great experimental ground of political America, and it is altogether a good thing, I think, to have new schemes, progressive, reactionary, or radical, tried out in a small area while the country looks on.

During this summer the Middle West has been acting up again politically. First came Beveridge with a triumph over the sitting Senator New in Indiana. There were many of a very regular persuasion who hoped this would not happen again; but it did. Pinchot crossed the line in Pennsylvania. And ever since the crashes have come at intervals. Other new types of United States Senators have arisen over night. Brookhart in Iowa, with a far-reaching programme of economic reform; Frazier, of North Dakota, the Non-partisan Leaguer, only recently catapulted from the Governorship by process of the recall; another Roosevelt leader, Howell, of Nebraska; and last but not least, the erratic and invincible La Follette, of Wisconsin, who is by a great majority restored to his pristine political glory.

And all of them Republicans, coming through in the primaries of their own party. The Democratic party for the time being seems to have lost vitality, is simply marking time, waiting for something to turn up. But the Republican electorate in the Middle West is again on the rampage, looking for change or bound to know the reason why. It is likely to be the shifting of large bodies of quasi-Republicans to the other side which will make the party changes in the House and Senate and in the Governorships, if changes there be.

What is it all about? What has the Middle West in the back of its head? Why is Main Street stirred out of itself? Has it any distinct, conscious urge, or is it all an inchoate protest? I try simply to interpret things as I find them. I may agree with them, I may not, but I record.

The Administration at Washington is regarded out here as in the trough of the sea, where it must be conceded other Administrations have been when halfway over their course. It may come through without shipwreck. But many persons in the Middle West are beginning to think that the captain must be much more particular about his pilots, at least in domestic waters. The tariff, the bonus, the strikes—she rolls in the trough of the sea. It is time now for genuine friends of both the Administration and the country to determine, if they can, what public opinion of America is trying to say, because public opinion in America has more force and guidance in it than public opinion in any other land. Many persons in the Middle West think that the greatest single criticism which can be made upon the present leadership of Washington is that it has not aroused and inspired the general public opinion of the country. They think it has not informed public opinion, nurtured it, and listened to it sufficiently.

I begin with Indiana. Indiana has a fringe of radicalism, a fringe of stolid reaction, but is in the main progressive. It is usually ready to move forward. There is a reason for the return of Beveridge. The truth of it seems to be that Beveridge fits into the present state of mind of Indiana. The people in that State have been figuring up their taxes. These aggregate sixty dollars a person, three hundred and sixty dollars to the family, as compared with something like four hundred and fifty dollars a family in Massachusetts and more than five hundred dollars in New York. The economic times have been out of joint for farmers and laborers. Something is felt to be wrong. Beveridge fits into the state of protest, as La Follette fits into it in Wisconsin and Pinchot in Pennsylvania.

Another factor favoring Beveridge is his constructive writing of the monumental work upon John Marshall. This may be a curious and amusing phenomenon in politics, but it is reassuring. In Indiana the Negro committeeman in the farthest town seems to know about this *magnum opus* of Beveridge, at least to the extent of believing that something terrible has happened! But the thoughtful people are proud of it—particularly in Indiana, where a piece of work of genuine literary merit counts for so much. This is a good sign, isn't it, that people should generally appreciate constructive work on the part of public servants? There is a returning pride in the ability of Beveridge in Indiana, and a belief that a mind like his will be useful in Washington where the supply of thinkers is certainly nothing like as great as the demand.

And then Beveridge has his roots in the past in the State. He has been previously known as a great antagonist of child labor on the floor of the Senate of the United States and a protagonist of pure food laws and the regulation of packers. He fought his campaign in the recent primaries on very different issues which seem amazingly conservative—attacking the Adamson Law of 1916, with its kotowing to labor, attacking the excess profits tax and the high income taxes as economically unsound, because there is little left, as he asserted, for investment in general industry, and, consequently, a return to "good times" is delayed. He attacked all kinds of blocs—farmers' blocs, capitalistic blocs, whisky blocs, prohibition blocs, anything that looked like a bloc. The progressive people of Indiana do not understand that this indicates any fundamental change in the philosophy of Beveridge since he wrote the Life of John Marshall and studied closely the great Federal conservatives of the post-revolutionary period. In his attitude toward labor, for example, they think that he is driving at the control of government by labor blocs and labor intimidations and unreasonable practices, just as earlier he drove at the reprehensible practices of capital blocs.

He is likely to be elected. It is not a cinch, but a probability. Republicans carried the State by 180,000 two years ago, I believe. There will be a terrible falling off. What beat New for Senator was the unrest. Beveridge will profit by it, and unrest will vote for him at the election just as it did at the primary, and there will be no organized opposition to him on the part of the regulars. There is belief that New is proving a bad loser, but that the regulars generally wish Beveridge elected and expect to help. The progressive element, led now by men like Edward C. Toner, the owner of the Anderson "Herald," are for Beveridge because his career has been sound from their standpoint. Toner was a candidate for Governor a short time ago and is a leading figure. The Beveridge forces seem to be taking nothing for granted, are looking for a big slump in the majority, but expect to see Beveridge the high man on the ticket and the rest of the ticket victorious with him by a moderate margin. If New had been nominated in the Senatorial primary, the whole ticket would probably have been beaten. It is to be hoped that the Republican regulars appreciate what an infusion of life into the politics of various States has come this year from the

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recrudescence of the leadership of Roosevelt progressives. Without it, the Republican cause would seem hopeless in a number of important States. The return of Beveridge was at first an awful blow to the regulars of Indiana, but they have reason for bearing up under it.

Colorado and Michigan are two other States where the Republicans might welcome an infusion of the same sort of blood. Both these States seem to hang doubtfully for the Republicans. In Michigan Senator Townsend has made a gallant fight and has been favored by a number of his opponents in the primary who split a majority vote between them. But Townsend is a minority candidate, with stiff uphill work before him over the Newberry issue. The Middle West is against large expenditures of money at elections. The Middle West thinks that large expenditures are both unnecessary and dangerous. This may be Main Street morality, and it may make far more difficult some critical contests for the right which demand greater expenditures than Main Street is willing to stand for; but it is a phenomenon that is to be reckoned with in all parts of the country. In Colorado the Republicans are facing the general country-wide reaction, and something else. "Billy" Sweet, wealthy ex-bond broker and radical thinker, is running on the Democratic ticket for the Governorship. He was very critical of the street railway strike in the city of Denver two years ago, and was instrumental in having published a report of outside investigators upon the strike which bore heavily upon the good sense and good faith of the railway operators and managers. He represents quite exactly the political freedom of the West as it has manifested itself so frequently in a State like Colorado. He is also helped by the strong feeling on the part of the labor element in that State against what labor regards as the unconstitutional treatment of one William Z. Foster during the recent hectic strike crisis. Colorado authority has always been rough with labor radicals, and the riot and the bull-pen have been in that State confused with synonyms of progress. Foster seems to have been cornered in a hotel room in Denver and marked for deportation. When the prospective deportee inquired for authority under the law to be thus summarily dealt with, the strong arm representative of State authority is alleged to have replied that he hadn't looked for any law, meanwhile gently patting his gun in his hip pocket. Whereupon William Z. was spirited away into another State and left five miles from a town, with instructions to hobble in, following specific declarations as to what would happen to him if he should return to Colorado.

Speaking of free speech and free coming and going, this is perhaps as good a place as any to say that the Middle West is restive under the meticulous phraseology of oppression in the Daugherty injunction against the railway strikers. It seems to be the overdoing of a good thing that makes more trouble for progress than anything else. The Middle West is not as critical of the use of the injunction for labor disputes as Mr. Gompers, by any means; it is not that there is any great amount of love lost on railway labor; it is that it seems monstrous to the Middle West to deny by court injunction rights of the free speech of entreaty, one man to another, rights of social assemblage, one man at another's home, for the purpose of entreaty. The Middle West seems to think that the Daugherty-Wilkerson injunction went even farther than Congress itself would have the right to go. The Middle West seems to fear that some day in America, if we are not careful, a radical class may come to power that will have been taught by previous un-American example how to treat their foes. At that, the Middle West is a long way from a farmer-labor entente.

KEEPING IT DARK

BY WILLIAM McANDREW

"THERE are a number of teachers on board, but they are keeping it dark."

This is a sentence from a letter written on a transatlantic steamer by a lady on July 6, 1922.

I'd like to write a history of the contempt for teachers. You would see the slave called "paidagogus" whipped like the others when his master pleased; the same name in the Middle Ages shortened to "pedant" and retaining the saturation of scorn it has brought down the centuries. You would see Shakespeare and Shenstone and Goldsmith molding their contumely into verse; Scott and Dickens and the early novelists plying their muck-rakes to collect the ugly, despicable, mean ingredients of mankind and molding the mess into the creature called schoolmaster. You would see our own first literary genius, when searching for a vessel to contain, without suggesting the improbable, a mixture of cowardice, selfishness, pettiness, and conceit, select a receptacle, call it teacher, and name it Ichabod Crane.

I remember a teachers' convention in Elgin in 1887. Will Ray, a cheerful memory, was our principal. There was a group of us who felt that our clothes and personalities were rather like those of young business men and nice girls. Some one proposed a trip through the watch factory. We abandoned the educational meeting for this more interesting adventure. Every girl and every man took off his little association ribbon and hid it safely away. Thirty-five years later, 1922, I attended a National Education meeting in Boston. I saw hundreds of nice girls and attractive-looking men, fully as stylish as any of our old Chicago party which went to Elgin, but they were wearing their association badges everywhere. I used to fold over my "Journal of Education" when reading it in the street car for fear some one would know I was in the business. It doesn't bother me a bit, now. When any ill-bred, new acquaintance asks, "What's your line?" I don't say "Books" any more, nor "Tanner," but "Teaching," without blinking an eye. That is not because I dislike dropping down in one's estimation any less than of old. It is because my business ranks higher in the world's eye than it did. We had an art exhibition here in 1898. We wanted all the children of our school to see it. They must be convoyed two blocks. Out of twenty-eight schoolteachers two were plainly willing to take their children over. The others hated to be seen with classes on the street. Last fall, New York presented in a central armory an exposition called "America's Making." Opportunity was given the schools to visit it. So many teachers asked for tickets for their children that the management could only cut the privilege down to a fraction of the demand. For fifteen days, mornings, afternoons, and Saturdays, sixty-two thousand children came in street cars and on foot, each twenty-five accompanied by a teacher, naturally, willingly, apparently with enthusiasm.

It seems only yesterday that a woman suffrage parade marched up Fifth Avenue. There were detachments of women lawyers, interesting; actresses, not so good to look at without footlights; business women, well worth while; nurses, fine. Then a multitude of women teachers, all in white, heads up, step firm and rhythmic (they had drilled themselves on armory floors all over town), faces intelligent, reliable, unafraid, and as of those who give and get affection. There had been approving clapping of hands as other detachments passed, but as this army of gentlewomen swung up the Avenue, the masses on the curbs instinctively, spontaneously, irresistibly, paid a tribute that grew to a roar of approval. You realized that the crowds welcomed these as their own, a fine piece of America itself, as distinctly as any body of military troops ever is. You felt that the man of the crowd was saluting the memory of his own favorite teacher of Litchfield or Johnstown or Carpenter's Corners. Even the reporters, case-hardened against enthusiasm, glorified this section of the parade to the limit.

We have arrived. Our comic-valentine

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days are past. We have our Edward Eggleston, D'Arcy Thompson, Elbert Hubbard, and Otis Poole. Even when we were boys, a popular drama, "M'liss," gave the leading man's part to a clean, virile, lovable fellow, a schoolmaster.

It is suicidal stupidity to look down on teachers. The eminent spirits who conceived the Republic—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jefferson—made clear expressions of conviction that the Nation must be preserved by schools adopted as an integral part of governmental service. The great historic law enacted even before the Constitution, that "Ordinance of 1787," gave legal authority to the idea. De Witt Clinton got it into New York's Constitution as "an essential" of government. Lincoln called our public education "the most important question we as a people can be concerned with." To carry over from a muddy-brained past the fashion of ridiculing the teacher and to continue it in a new government which had specifically selected the teacher's work as that which should, in Washington's phrase, be "promoted as of primary importance," was as blind as the corn-law legislation of those witless landowners who ruined themselves and starved their country in an effort to keep matters as they were. We have a thousand towns in which school boards have discovered that to try to own the teacher and to legislate the distance between the ground and the hem of her skirt, or the question of her dancing, is only to exclude bright, cheerful, wholesome girls and to keep in a constant state of resentment towards its unnecessary and foolish restrictions the ones whom necessity drives into teaching. We have a hundred towns in which maidenhood is no longer made a stigma by an artificial ban on a woman teacher's marriage. We have cities in which the consideration of employment is not a question of charity, engaging those who most need the money, but a matter of efficiency, securing those who do the service best.

A teacher has no need to "keep it dark" in 1922. In fact one may feel pretty sure that "keeping it dark" is now an invitation to contempt. The late Walter Hines Page, whose inclinations kept him intimately acquainted with school people, while his work as editor and publisher threw him with a wide variety of other folk, remarked ten years back that the general public now regards teachers more highly than teachers do.

To keep one's identity dark may mean that the keeper is ashamed of it. To try to do a big work while being ashamed of it is, of course, psychologically and physiologically absurd—like tying weights on one's feet before climbing, dirtying one's food before eating it. To be ashamed of one's own work is to rob one's self of a natural birthright of happiness. Other men don't do that. Watson comes breezing in with the most wonderful life-insurance policy ever conceived. It's a beauty. Wilson is selling a car that's simply a dream. Wrightson has a list of houses to offer that will make your life a heaven on earth. Any man who is worth his salt is enthusiastic about his business, no matter what it is. He may be all for the Spintz motor to-day; but if the Sputz Company hires him, there's no machine on earth can compare with theirs.

Goodness me! Why should anybody poison his own delight with a mental treatment that has been repudiated by progressives for years and years? Mother says, "Don't cry, dear," not "Do cry."

Children learn to praise their toys and be happy; boys learn to brag about their fathers; sweethearts tell each other each is the most wonderful being ever released from paradise to gladden the world. The language has no word contemptible enough to apply to the wife or husband who doesn't call her spouse the finest example of the blue-ribbon class. Why not? What's my business is so large a fraction of my life, now, that I must either put into it the zest of happiness or I must go into such available business as will permit of such zest. But even while I am looking and hoping for such business I must so regard my present calling as to make it yield me that satisfaction and joy which sane men know is the natural accompaniment of any worth-while work well done. Unhappiness in work is a sort of laziness. Gounod had it until he found out that, if he made up his mind regarding any distasteful task and determined to see how well he could do it, the drudgery became interesting and enjoyable. Pittacus, of the Greek sages, had the answer to it, for he told his disciples that "the greatest good is to do what you are doing at the moment well." The Preacher had it, too, when he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findest to do"—not do it half-heartedly, as if you believed you were going to be married some day, but—"do it with thy might." And Solomon had it when he said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." Come, you Latin teacher, what is "diligent"? *Diligo, diligere*, to love ardently. Seest thou a man that loves his business with a glowing passion? What is the delight of kings compared with his? He stands before them. This is my birthright. My heart is mine. Gounod, Thales, Solomon, and Ecclesiastes have no monopoly. I command me, "This is thy business, love it;" and whether it be piling stone or making mousetraps, it gives me my enjoyment due. I shall wrestle with it as Jacob with the angel until it blesses me. I have no need to be ashamed of a business inherently so important, interesting, and varied, that is stamped with the highest approval of eminent men from Washington to Harding and is adopted as a function of the Government itself.

Perhaps the tendency to "keep it dark" is due to a recollection of unlovely personalities bearing the name of teachers and a wish to avoid being thought like them. When I recall some of the long-faced, harsh-voiced, dowdily gowned women of old school days, or ungainly, ill-mannered men the powers-that-were used to permit to vitiate the company of children, I can't help commending as praiseworthy any attempt to keep from being thought like them. But, bless me! where can you find that type predominating? San Antonio teachers assembled look like Texas élite; Geneseo teachers need not strain any efforts to supply a beauty show; Sacramento teachers, constituted as a welcome committee, are deemed by the municipal authorities proper representatives of that beautiful city. Our own men and women, here in the metropolis, as you survey them at the evening school banquet, or the dinner to Charl O. Williams, or on any of the occasions that bring them together, look like people you would regard as good company anywhere.

Oh, pshaw! no one is justified in keeping his teachership dark on the ground of not wanting to be set down as of a calling of which the majority is despicable. Almost all of us have been lifted by teaching so much above the grade we should otherwise now be in that we would be justified in carrying with us a spotlight to throw upon ourselves, as who should say, "See me? I'm a teacher. Say, where would I be if I weren't?"

"There are a number of teachers on board, but they are keeping it dark." What were the other people doing? Were the lawyers on board proclaiming their business? Were the women shouting, "I'm a housekeeper," "I'm an accompanist," "I'm a secretary to a railroad president"? In fact, when you are on board ship, or at the Governor's reception, or at any non-business event, isn't the well-bred and proper thing, with regard to your occupation, to say nothing about it? Well, then, why need any one make a fuss about our not wishing to advertise our connection with our important employment? Every naval officer I ever knew appeared to me to regard the service with sincere respect. But if one was given shore leave, did he want to wear his uniform? Not one. Was he ashamed of it? I imagine not. But he had the gentleman's distaste for advertising his employment or for prying into that of any other gentleman.

Therefore, after all, you agents of the Republic do not have to carry any marks on you designed to make it easy for you to be spotted as teachers. In fact, a soft veil of mystery over a stranger is an element of charm.

No great moralist has, as yet, deplored the fact that teachers have lost the distinctions observable in the Ichabod Crane era. One of our New England members of long service on the school board of his little city indicated the situation when he remarked, day before yesterday, "It's come so ye can't tell the difference between a school-teacher and any other nice girl when one gets on the car."

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IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR

BY THATCHER T. P. LUQUER

THE OLD TILLEUL TREE AT ST. DIÉ

It stands in front of the Cathedral with the sign upon it, "This was a famous tree in the year 1400"

LAST May we motored, my sister and I, from Menton to Paris in a little French car that we bought in Menton and were fortunate enough to sell the day after we arrived in Paris. This gave us an opportunity not only to see the objects of interest along the route and the scenery, but also to observe something of the life of the people of the country away from the main routes of travel as well as in the cities. This was of special interest to me for the chance it gave of gathering an impression as to the actual conditions obtaining in those regions three years after the great war, and the trip was undertaken largely in order to revisit easily and comfortably the places in northeastern France with which I had become familiar while serving with the A. E. F. in 1918 and 1919.

Along the Riviera, through Provence and northward by the Valley of the Rhone everything appeared normal. The peasants were cultivating for the spring seeding and the townspeople seemed busy, the shops doing a fair business, and superficially no evidences of the after effects of war, except for the evident scarcity of men between the ages of twenty and fifty. Prices were reasonable, particularly when translated into American money, and nowhere, even in Paris, did I encounter any disposition to profiteer at our expense because we were Americans. Bargaining is no longer as customary as it used to be, for the *"prix fixe"* is greatly used and goods in the shops are tagged and marked and the prices are seldom lowered. In places frequented by those of our fellow-countrymen whose one ambition seems to be to spend money and show huge rolls of bills and drink champagne for breakfast there probably is advantage taken of the opportunity to make large profits, and, of course, such persons are the ones to make a dreadful fuss when they find it out.

Lyons, one of the great industrial centers of France, showed no extraordinary symptoms of unemployment or poverty, although a close investigation might have revealed conditions not apparent to us, while all through the country regions the people, and particularly the children, seemed well fed and happy.

Going north from Lyons we entered a region more affected by the war. The national highways still show the effects of the heavy truck traffic of those times, although some sections have been repaired. The site of the A. E. F. University at Beaune is still littered with débris and marred by the remains of the foundations of the buildings, but the city has resumed its old quiet aspect and the khaki-clad students no longer throng its streets.

Dijon is again normal, and we spent several days of great enjoyment there, studying the quaint bits of architecture in the old streets and visiting its interesting museum and churches. Few travelers visit the city, but it well repays a day or two spent among its treasures.

Here began the portion of our trip which was its main object, our visit to the old battle front in the Vosges, around Verdun and the Argonne, Rheims and Château Thierry to Paris. Cold, rainy weather had pursued us from almost the beginning of our trip until we left Dijon, but there the sun came out and the beautiful region of the Côte d'Or began to justify its name.

Our first objective was Chatillon-sur-Seine, which was the central town in the area where my Division, the 81st, had been billeted for the winter after the armistice. The town itself was in those days wholly given over to the Second Corps Army Schools, but all the surrounding villages had been occupied by the "Wildcats," as the soldiers of the 81st Division were called from the badge which every man wore on the shoulder of his blouse.

My regiment, the 306th Engineers, had been billeted during that winter in three little villages in the valley of the Seine at the extreme southeastern border of the area assigned to the Division. The valley at this point, like most of the valleys in that region, has been furrowed deeply in the general plain by long years of erosion by the river, and as one motors over the smiling, rolling landscape, along a road like a white ribbon on a green table, one comes suddenly to the crest of a hill and looks down into the fertile valley beneath with the little villages clustering beside the stream.

Aisey-sur-Seine, the village in which regimental headquarters had been located, is a quiet, pretty little village, a summer resort in quiet times for Paris-

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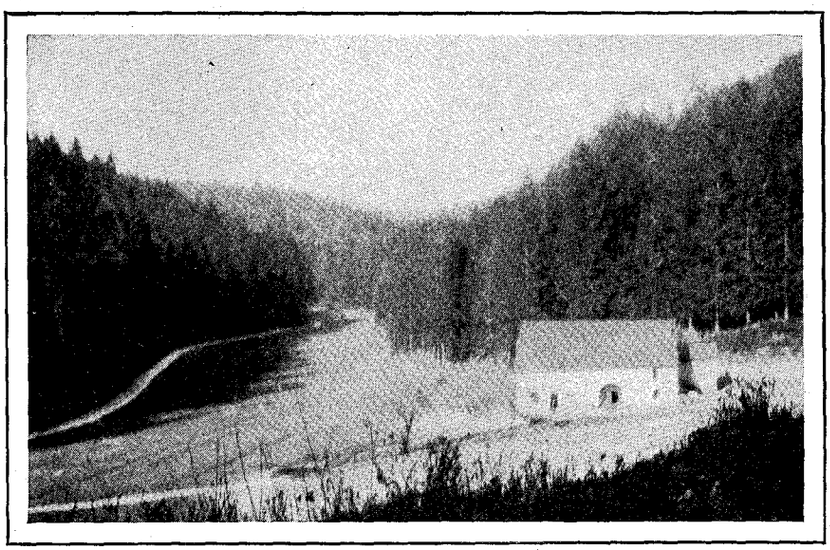
ians, with two stone bridges centuries old, and several buildings of château type. The church stands on an eminence in the middle of the village, and near it, in an open space where our band used to play every night for retreat, one sees now the monument erected by the village to the men who lost their lives in the war. The inscription on it is, as always, "*Mort pour la patrie*," which means so much to every French citizen. I will always remember the first time I saw the motto inscribed on the cross above the grave of a French soldier buried in the field where he fell near the highway, when we were marching into our first front line position. The simplicity combined with the deep feeling which it expressed made a lasting impression. The patriotism of the French is an ardent and abiding trait.

Arriving at the village hotel, we were greeted most warmly by the proprietor, M. Roy, and his good wife and children, and very soon others came to join in the greeting. It was a most delightful exhibition of the gratitude and affection which so many of the French retain for our soldiers. During that winter after the armistice our headquarters mess had been located in one of the rooms in the hotel, and we had made very good friends of the proprietor and his family. M. Roy invited us to lunch the next day, when we could spend more time in the village and see more of the people, and he gave us one of the most delightful lunches I have ever enjoyed. Our host had risen early and caught two fine trout in the Seine, and, he being an expert chef, they could not have been better served in Paris. Sitting down at the head of the table in his green baize apron, he entertained us delightfully, with Madame Roy waiting on us and joining in the conversation whenever the opportunity permitted. A bottle of old wine was brought out and toasts were drunk with all the good will possible.



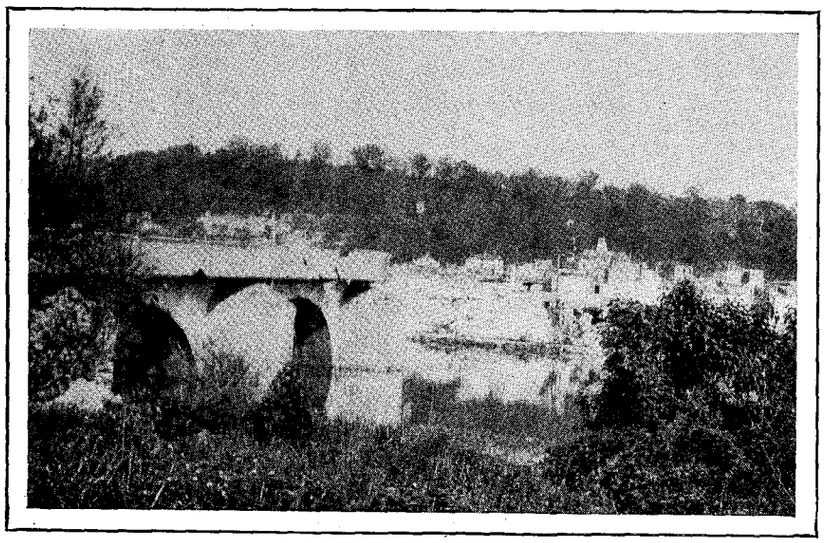
A VALLEY IN THE VOSGES

I called on the widow of the Mayor with whom I had been billeted and who had done everything for my comfort in former days, and it was a great regret to me that I could not renew my acquaintance with the Mayor, who had died only a year ago. Madame Millerot is doubly bereaved, for her son and only child was killed in the war, but she bears her sorrows nobly.

A little incident which took place in January, 1919, always comes to mind when I think of these friends. It was New Year's Day, but I was busy at Headquarters all day and until late in the evening in preparation for my departure early the following morning, and when my adjutant, who was quartered with me, and I returned to our rooms we found a fire burning in mine and a little table daintily spread and on it cake and a bottle of delicious wine and a card from our host and hostess conveying their best wishes for the new year and for a pleasant trip. Such thoughtful kindness from those who could so easily have considered our presence a burden was very delightful and a revelation of the depth and value of French sentiment.

I made several calls on other people in the village, and was received uniformly with enthusiasm and good wishes. They had nothing but good words to say of our soldiers and their behavior. We who knew our regiment were confident that we had an exceptionally fine personnel and we knew the discipline was good, but it was a pleasure to realize that the men had left good feeling and warm remembrances behind them. The village was very quiet, and presented quite a different appearance from my last recollection, when it was full of our boys with their energy and life.

Leaving there, we went by Montigny-sue-Aube and Latrecey to Langres for lunch, and spent the night at a charming old watering-place, Bourbonne-les-Bains, then by Épinal to a little village called Fontenay, on the borders of the Vosges, where my regiment had spent a week reorganizing after our first experience at the front. Here, again, we had a most cordial reception. I was particularly glad to see the old Curé, for whom I had acquired a great admiration and liking during our former stay in the village. As usual when behind the lines, we had the proper ceremonies at retreat, the band playing in front of the church, which was close to Headquarters and the only available space in the village. After the first day the Curé brought the children of the village every evening to attend the ceremony, all standing at attention and the boys taking off their caps when the national anthem was played and the colors furled. Of course we always played the Marseillaise as well as our own anthem, and the Curé seized the opportunity to instruct the children in patriotism and inculcate respect for the flag and good will towards



THE BROKEN BRIDGE AT ST. MIHIEL

"A trestle bridge has been built across the river, replacing the pontoon bridge over which we crossed in November, 1918, but no attempt has been made to replace the fine old stone bridge which had been destroyed"

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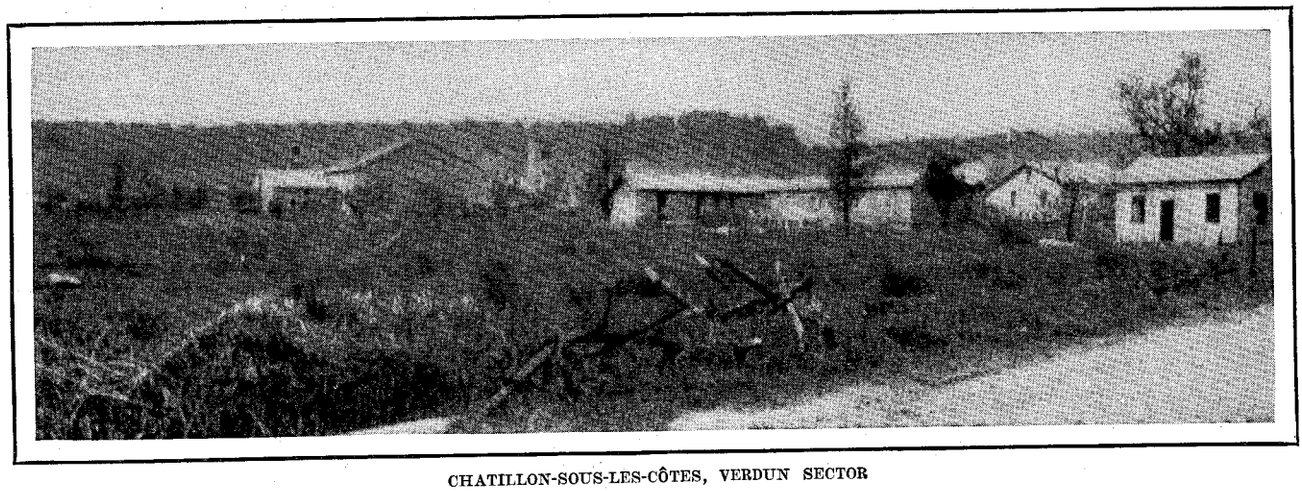

CHATILLON-SOUS-LES-CÔTES, VERDUN SECTOR

the American people, and it was an illustration of the good work he was doing in many directions in the community.

Departing from this little village late in the afternoon, we left the rolling land with groves of hard wood behind and climbed over the mountain ridge, through the beautiful pine forest, into the valley where lies the old town of St. Dié. This is celebrated as the city where the convention was held which gave the name to America, and one of the sights there is the old *tilleul* tree standing in front of the Cathedral with the sign upon it, "This was a famous tree in the year 1400." The town itself was our Division Headquarters for a month in September-October, 1918, and, while very close to the front line, which was only five or six kilometers to the eastward, it suffered comparatively little damage. I think this was because, being close to the old boundary line, a great deal of German money was invested in the town and its industries, and therefore it was not advantageous to subject it to any serious bombardment. Only once during the time that we were there did any shells fall in the town, and then only about twenty late one afternoon, which fortunately did very little damage. Much rebuilding has been done and there is very little evidence now of warfare, and business seems to be going on quite normally.

A few kilometers to the east, however, as one approaches the old trench lines, the conditions are quite different. The villages are still very much in ruins, and the people are living in barracks and cellars and dugouts, and devoting themselves to clearing the land and filling in the old trenches and growing crops again. All along the old battle front, as far as we traveled, we found the same conditions existing, most of the energy being concentrated on the land, leaving the rebuilding of the villages to a later period when there are time and money, although there were many evidences of increased building activity this summer. The energy and courage and cheerfulness with which the French people are doing this work is magnificent. They are working from daylight to dark, men, women, and children. You see the whole family in the field; the littlest children that can walk doing their part, even, while the baby superintends the job from his baby-carriage.

The most impressive place we visited here was in front of what had been the northern sector of our line, a little spot in a saddle in the mountain called La Chapelotte. This had been a little chapel with a cottage near by and a small cemetery containing the graves of soldiers who had fallen in the War of 1870. It happened to be just where a strong point in the line was needed. The chapel had been broken down, the cottage was a heap of ruins converted into a machine-gun nest, and the whole territory was seamed with trenches and covered with entanglements. What had been a beautiful pine wood is now a forest of dead trees, looking like some of our Adirondack forests after a devastating fire. The little chapel has been partly restored, and the cemetery now has been enlarged and contains the graves of some French soldiers who died there lately, and the whole is a vivid reminder of the horrors and devastation of war.

From here we motored along the old battle front, sometimes in the old German territory, sometimes in the French, to Nancy and from there on to St. Mihiel and down the Meuse to Verdun.

St. Mihiel looks very much the same as it did on the first of November, 1918, when we marched through it on our way to Verdun. A trestle bridge has been built across the river, replacing the pontoon bridge over which we crossed then, but no attempt has been made to replace the fine old stone bridge which had been destroyed.

Verdun is slowly rebuilding, but is still a ghastly city of ruins. We spent two days here motoring over the terribly devastated region around Fort Vaux and Fort Douaumont and visiting the ruined villages along the eastern slope of the hills and out on the plain of the Woevre, which the 81st Division captured in the last fight before the armistice. Here, as before mentioned, the villages have only had the débris piled to one side and the people are living in temporary barracks and cellars. All along the roadside and the borders of the woods one sees the barbed wire heaped, and along the roadside many piles of salvaged war material, rifles, shrapnel, and cartridge cases, and various bits of soldiers' equipment. In fact, quite frequently there are unexploded shells (duds) lying along the side of the road, and one hears occasionally the sound of the explosion of some of these shells which have been found and are being destroyed.

Throughout our trip, though I do not speak French easily, I talked quite a little with the people, and I observed

PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN PEOPLE

This is no new discovery. Pope was well aware of it when he wrote, "The proper study of mankind is man." It is a fact which has never been lost sight of in the editing of The Outlook. That is one reason why we are particularly glad to be able to announce three forthcoming articles which deal with three diverse personalities. One is a great musician, Leopold Godowsky, whom Europe loaned to America. One is Gifford Pinchot, whom America produced. And a third is Wu Pei-Fu, a Christian general of China, who borrowed both his religion and military training from the Occident.

These articles will appear in early issues of The Outlook

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them in the fields and in the villages, and I was greatly impressed with the wonderful recuperative power which they show, and, as I said before, with their courage and cheerfulness under the adverse conditions. They feel, I think very naturally, that America has not backed them up as an ally should since the armistice, and they sometimes show a little resentment, but as a rule the sentiment towards America is friendly and would easily respond to friendly action on our part. I could see no indications of a militaristic tendency, no desire for a war in the future, but a strong feeling that in a few years France will be attacked again and that they must be ready to resist to the utmost when that time comes. I think their feeling of antagonism is stronger against England than it is against America because of England's efforts to have the amount of the reparations reduced. The French feel, and I think they are right, that Germany, as long as her taxes are not as great as the taxes in France and England, has no excuse for refusing to pay the reparations, particularly when it is well known that so much of Germany's cash capital is held in Holland and other neutral countries and pays no tax in Germany.

My recent visit has only added to the strong admiration and affection that I feel for the French people, and I trust I was right when I told them that there were many in America who felt for them as I did and who would gladly aid them in every way they could.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER V—DRAMATIC PHASES OF DIPLOMACY

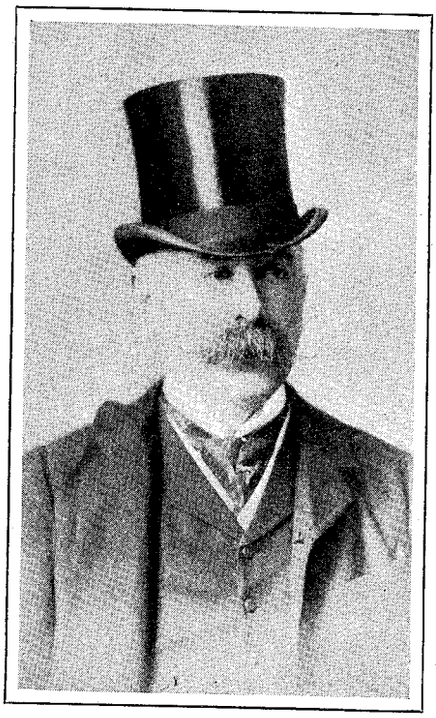
I HAD a longing to visit Jerusalem. Besides, a serious question was pending regarding the rights of Jews to settle in the Holy Land. From Russia and Rumania oppression was driving them to emigrate to other countries. Rumania was placing restrictions upon her Jewish subjects contrary to the Treaty of Berlin, which guaranteed equal political and civil rights in this newly created principality. The Ignatieff laws of 1882 were being enforced in Russia. It was the irony of persecution that Russia claimed such Jews as came to Turkey as her subjects and protested to the Porte against their being accorded Ottoman nationality. Besides, the Russian Patriarch and dignitaries of the Roman Church in Turkey objected to the settlement of foreign Jews in Palestine.

The Ottoman authorities had long been tolerant, even hospitable, to Jewish immigrants, but under outside pressure promulgated a law interdicting Jews from coming to Palestine as permanent settlers.

The subject came to the fore with our Government when the Turkish Minister at Washington, Mavroyeni Bey, communicated to Secretary Bayard the stipulation that the passports of Jewish immigrants "should expressly state that they are going to Jerusalem in performance of a pilgrimage and not for the purpose of engaging in commerce or taking up their residence there."

Secretary Bayard sent the following instructions to me for transmission:

> To require of applicants for passports, which under our laws are issued to all citizens upon the sole evidence of their citizenship, any announcement of their religious faith or declaration of their personal motives in seeking such passports, would be utterly repugnant to the spirit of our institutions and to the intent of the solemn proscription forever by the Constitution of any religious test as a qualification of the relations of the citizen to the Government, and would, moreover, assume an inquisitorial function in respect of the personal affairs of the individual, which this Government cannot exert for its own purposes and could still less assume to exercise with the object of aiding a foreign Government in the enforcement of an objectionable and arbitrary discrimination against certain of our citizens.
>
> Our adherence to these principles has been unwavering since the foundation of our Government, and you will be at no loss to cite pertinent examples of our consistent defense of religious liberty, which, as I said in my note to Baron Schaeffer of May 18, 1885, in relation to the Keiley episode at Vienna, "is a chief cornerstone of the American system of Government, and provisions of its security are imbedded in the written chapter and interwoven in the moral fabric of its laws."



Baron Maurice de Hirsch, whose controversy with the Sultan Mr. Straus was offered an honorarium of one million francs

The Secretary also desired me to confer with my colleagues, the British and French Ambassadors. Some of their subjects had also been deported. While they agreed with the views of my Government, they had taken no action, but now expressed a willingness to take action similar to that outlined in my instructions.

On May 17, 1888, I called on Saïd Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and left a note wherein I stated that my Government could not, under any circumstances, accede to the requirements. After having been furnished with copies of this note, my diplomatic colleagues sent notes of similar tenor.

JEWISH PRISONERS RELEASED

Upon our arrival at Jaffa the *vali*, or governor, of Jerusalem sent one of his aides with an official conveyance to take us to Jerusalem. There were several vexatious questions besides the restrictions upon Jewish immigrants pending between the vali and our Consul, Henry Gillman. I deemed it good policy to show my resentment against his arbitrary methods by declining the courteous offer. Thereupon we took a Cook's conveyance, stopping overnight at Ramleh at an inn kept by a naturalized American citizen, formerly a German subject. The next day we drove over the hills of Judea, reaching Jerusalem the same afternoon, where our Consul met us and conducted us to a pleasant, comfortable hotel outside the walls.

We had scarcely arrived at the hotel when a large number of Jews, some of the women carrying infants in their arms, came to plead with me to obtain the release from prison of relatives and friends who had come to the Holy City to settle there, and who were imprisoned because of the interdiction against Jewish immigrants. Of course I had not

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Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Jerusalem, the city in which vexatious questions relating to the restrictions upon Jewish immigrants were pending on Mr. Straus's arrival in 1888

known before my arrival of these conditions. Four hundred in all were in prison awaiting deportation.

Instead of calling on the vali as would ordinarily have been proper, I declined to do so. Instead, I sent a note demanding an immediate release of these immigrants who, I claimed, were imprisoned contrary to treaties with the United States, Great Britain, France, and other Powers. Unless this request was complied with promptly, I stated further, I would appeal to the Sublime Porte for the vali's removal.

While negotiating this matter with the Grand Vizier I did not know that the Jewish immigrants who had arrived were being held in prison. I felt authorized, therefore, in view of the Vizier's promise to abrogate the regulations, to serve this drastic notice upon the vali.

The result of my firm stand was that they were all released the following day. I was informed that the vali had communicated my message to the Porte, and that the Grand Vizier had instructed him to comply with my request.

The following morning there were several thousand people gathered outside my hotel. They came to express their gratitude. At the same time I received a beautiful engrossed memorial in Hebrew signed by Rafail Meir Panisel and Samuel Salant, the chief rabbis of the Ashkenazim, Perushim, and Hasidim communities of Jerusalem.

The following day I called upon the vali, who received me with great courtesy. I thanked him for his compliance with my request, and informed him of our understanding with the Sublime Porte that no discrimination should be made against Jewish immigrants coming to Jerusalem. It seemed that he had had no knowledge of the provisions in the treaties I referred to. I expressed the hope that in the future I should not have to complain of any infringement upon this understanding.

Official calls followed. I was accompanied by the Consul and his staff and preceded by several halberdiers of the vali. These, as was the custom, preceded high officials when going through the streets of the Holy City, so as to give them distinction, protection, and a clear passage through the streets.

As my time was limited, I could remain in Jerusalem only three or four days. I had to stop at such ports as Alexandretta and Smyrna to inquire into commercial matters which our Consuls had been unable to adjust with the local authorities, and which had caused much vexation.

My trip, which lasted six weeks, was valuable to me and gratifying in its results. My colleagues, the British and French Ambassadors, were much pleased that I succeeded in having the objectionable regulations abrogated.

DIGGING FOUR THOUSAND YEARS INTO THE PAST

The subject of Babylonian excavation received diplomatic consideration during my stay in Constantinople. In January, 1888, I received a letter from my friend the Rev. William Hayes Ward informing me of an expedition which the University of Pennsylvania was organizing for excavations in Babylonia under the direction of the Rev. John P. Peters. Dr. Ward had headed a prior expedition to Babylonia in 1884–5, known as the Wolfe Expedition and financed by Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York. Based upon the results of this preliminary expedition Dr. Peters organized the Babylonian Exploration Fund.

The subject was shortly thereafter brought officially to my attention, Assistant Secretary Adee writing me:

> We find ourselves between two fires—on one hand is the Philadelphia organization under the lead of Dr. Peters, which has the money, and on the other is the Johns Hopkins enterprise, which has the most solid ballasting of Assyriological talent; but unfortunately its dollars are limited. As the Johns Hopkins people deposit all their collections in the National Museum, Professor Langley feels kindly disposed towards them. We shall probably have to look to you as the *deus ex machina* to prescribe a solution.

Dr. Peters met me in London while I was on my way home on a short leave. He handed me a letter from President Cleveland asking my good offices in the matter. The entire subject interested me very much. I told him that when I returned to my post six weeks later I would immediately broach the subject to the Porte.

Upon my return early in November, 1888, I had an audience with the Sultan. I explained to him the purposes of the excavations, the great interest of the universities and the societies of scholars, and also that the President of the United States in a personal letter had requested me to obtain the necessary permission. A few days later I dined with the Sultan and afterwards went with him to a play in the little theater located in the palace grounds. During a pause in the performance, the conversation touching upon some matters in the United States, I again referred to the question of excavation, stating that some of the representatives were waiting in Constantinople for a decision. Then he consented graciously, and permission was formally granted a few days later.

The permit was far more restricted

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than had been promised, yet it enabled the excavators at Alexandretta to go forward in their work. Dr. Peters's attaché at Constantinople was John Dyneley Prince, then a recent graduate of Columbia College, who later became Professor of Slavonic Languages at Columbia.

The exploration under the able direction of Dr. Peters and Professor H. V. Hilprecht was very successful. Its large collection of archæological "finds," now enriching the museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the Museum at Constantinople, are yet in the process of deciphering. Dr. Peters left a full account of the exploration in his two-volume work, "Nippur," a lasting memorial to his services in the cause of archæology. Some of his "finds" date back earlier than 4000 B.C.

At that time Mr. Budge, of the British Museum, and Theodore Bent, another well-known archæologist, were endeavoring to obtain similar permits for excavations. Bent, because of his disappointment in reference to some excavations he made in the island of Thasos, wrote an article for the "Contemporary Review" in which he made a scurrilous attack upon Hamdy Bey, director of the Museum at Constantinople, who had charge of the entire subject of excavation. Bent stated that the Americans were able to receive a favorable firman because I had bribed Hamdy Bey.

Of course this was absolutely untrue. Hamdy Bey was a scholar of high repute and a man of exceptionally fine character.

The truth is that the Sultan at that time felt under special obligations to me. I had been of service to him in a matter which threatened the good relations between Turkey and Persia. The circumstances, in brief, were as follows: There were in the Ottoman Empire about a million Persians, many of them rug dealers. A number had married Turkish women. The Sultan claimed that when a Persian subject in Turkey married a woman who was a Turkish subject his nationality followed that of the wife. The dispute had become so definite and sharp that the Shah of Persia was about to recall his Ambassador.

It was finally agreed between the two Governments to leave the matter to me for decision. I took the subject under advisement, and wrote an opinion in accordance with the universally accepted doctrine that the nationality follows that of the husband. Instead of rendering my decision, I advised the Sultan what the conclusion would be, and suggested that it would probably make for better relationship if he would anticipate my decision by agreeing with the Shah's contention. This at the same time relieved me from the necessity of deciding against the sovereign to whom I was accredited.

The Shah's Ambassador, Mohsin Khan, who had the position practically of a viceroy in the Ottoman Empire, desired to confer upon me Persia's highest decoration, the Lion and the Sun, set in brilliants, which of course I did not accept.

Facsimile of the engrossed memorial in Hebrew received by Oscar S. Straus from the leading rabbis of Jerusalem as a token of gratitude for his release of Jewish prisoners

BARON DE HIRSCH AT ODDS WITH TURKISH GOVERNMENT

About this time the question of building a railway from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf was very much agitated, especially in Germany and at Constantinople. The Grand Vizier referred to this subject several times and expressed the desire to be brought into communication with reliable American railway builders. I wrote to Carl Schurz, suggesting that perhaps Henry Villard would be interested.

Just before this time William K. Vanderbilt came to Constantinople in his yacht. I tried to interest him in the Bagdad railway project and introduced him to the Grand Vizier. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, was on a pleasure trip, and did not feel inclined to take up the cares and burdens that such a project involved.

Baron and Baroness Maurice de Hirsch came to Constantinople in the latter part of 1887. The Baron was known no less as the generous philanthropist than as one of the world's greatest railway builders. He financed and constructed the railway through the Balkans to Constantinople, thus connecting Constantinople by rail with the European cities.

The Baron came to Constantinople in order to adjust his financial differences with the Ottoman Government. The latter claimed that 132,000,000 francs were due them on the kilometric guaranties and other concessions.

While I was making a call upon the Grand Vizier one day he asked my permission to introduce some one. He said it was Baron de Hirsch. Having often heard of the Baron and of his benefactions, I was glad of the opportunity. The Grand Vizier summoned the Baron to his room, and we were introduced.

Baron de Hirsch was a man of notable appearance and of attractive address

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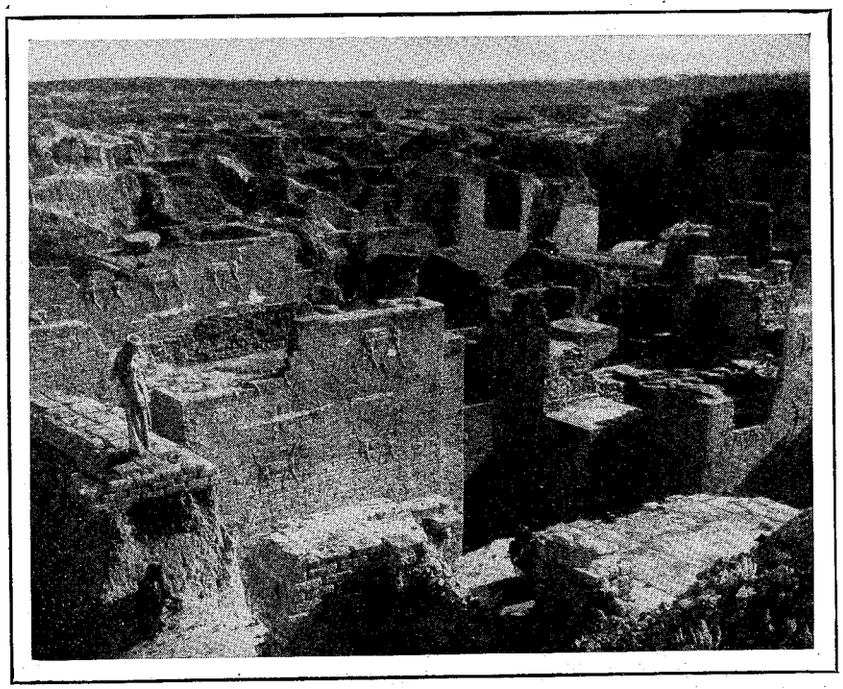

(C) Underwood

Scene of Babylonian excavations, for which work Mr. Straus secured special permission from the Sultan

—tall, dark, slender, with full black mustache, and something of the dandy in his dress. We had a pleasant conversation.

Two days later I was invited to dinner by the Sultan. He spoke about Baron de Hirsch and the claim which the Turkish Government had against him. All mutual efforts to arrive at a settlement having failed, appointment of a disinterested arbitrator was proposed. The Baron suggested the French Ambassador and afterwards the Austrian Ambassador, but the Sultan declined, expressing a preference for me as arbitrator. To this choice the Baron agreed. The Sultan added that it had been agreed to pay me as an honorarium 1,000,000 francs.

I told the Sultan I felt complimented by his request, but that I would have to consult the Secretary of State. He replied that he had already communicated with his Minister in Washington; that his Minister reported Secretary Bayard expressed no objection. I said I would communicate with Mr. Bayard myself and give him a reply later.

Mr. Bayard confirmed what the Sultan told me. He saw no objection to my acting as arbitrator and to my receiving the honorarium, provided it appeared to me advisable to accept.

I thought the matter over carefully. While desirous of complying with the Sultan's request, I felt that it would not be advisable. Any such transaction was always open to the suspicion of improper methods and of bribery. Should I become the arbitrator and make a decision disappointing to the Turkish Government, I would in all probability come under such a suspicion. So I advised Secretary Bayard of my attitude, and subsequently informed the Sultan frankly why I could not accept.

I added that, while I could not accept an honorarium, I would be glad to sit as mediator if the negotiations at any time required it. As the negotiations went forward the Baron and the Grand Vizier had frequent disagreements and personal altercations. Each of them came to me with their grievances, whereupon it fell to me to give opinions and bring them together again. Finally, a legal question was submitted to Professor Gneist, the eminent German international law authority. After his decision the Baron paid to the Turkish Government something like 22,000,000 francs.

DE HIRSCH PHILANTHROPIES IN AMERICA

In the course of these negotiations, which lasted several months, I became quite intimate with the Baron and with his exceptionally fine and admirable wife. She was a remarkable woman, learned and able. Her main purpose in life seemed to be to learn how she could be most helpful to others. While at Constantinople she frequently visited the poorer quarters, both Christian and Jewish, and extended help generously. She was rather short and trim, with a benign face. She was dressed in deep mourning, as they had only a short time before lost their only child, Lucien.

I heard of an incident occurring two years before I met her which was typical. The Baron's railway passed through a little village near Constantinople, and in order to locate a station in that village they had been obliged to tear down a number of houses belonging to poor people. The wrecking was done by the Turkish Government, with the understanding that the Government would recompense the dispossessed people. Not receiving redress or relief, they appealed to the Baron and Baroness in Constantinople. De Hirsch said that it was the Government's affair, but the Baroness told her husband that she did not propose that this railway should be the cause of bringing unhappiness to people. It would probably be a long time before they would receive any compensation from the Turkish Government. She insisted upon taking from her own private fortune the funds with which these people could immediately build new homes and be happy.

The Baron and Baroness frequently came to the American Legation and took family dinner with us. Because of their recent bereavement, they refused the many official invitations which were extended to them. The Baron spoke about his benefactions, which up to that time had been chiefly in Russia. His purpose was during the rest of his life to devote his fortune to benevolent purposes. America interested him greatly, because, driven by persecution, many Russian Jews were emigrating there. He wanted to help these emigrants re-establish themselves.

For several years prior to my coming to Turkey I had been intimate with Michael Heilprin, the distinguished American-Jewish scholar, who worked incessantly to aid the arriving immigrants. I wrote to Heilprin to furnish full information about conditions among the Jewish immigrants in America, together with suggestions for aiding them constructively. Receiving Heilprin's reply, I sent it to Baron de Hirsch with a list of names of men who were foremost in works of benevolence among the Jews in New York. I included Meyer S. Isaacs, President of the United Hebrew Congregations; Jacob H. Schiff; Jesse Seligman, President of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum; and my brother Isidor.

Out of Baron de Hirsch's communications with these men arose the Baron de Hirsch Fund and the trade school. Subsequently, after conferring with my wife, the Baroness endowed the Clara de Hirsch Home for Working Girls. Neither my wife nor I claim any credit for the foundation of these benevolent institutions. We were simply a medium for communication of such information as was necessary.

THE SULTAN'S FAREWELL

The National election of 1888 resulted in a Republican victory. As I had adjusted all outstanding differences between the United States and Turkey, I felt justified in resigning. I would have resigned even if Cleveland had been re-elected. With no urgent diplomatic questions before me to occupy all my attention and energy, I felt more and more that I could not afford to absent myself from my private affairs any longer. In the interim between Cox's

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resignation and my appointment the salary of the post was reduced from $10,000 to $7,500 per annum. The following year it was restored to the original figure. This barely covered my house rent, as I secured the best house available for entertaining.

In diplomatic life the social functions are of real importance in establishing proper relations with one's colleagues and officials of the Government to which one is accredited. Besides, it is important so far as one's own nationals are concerned to be able to show them such hospitality as they expect from their diplomatic representative.

My immediate predecessors, General Lew Wallace and "Sunset" Cox, lived in hotels, and consequently did very little entertaining. General Wallace felt compelled to decline dinner invitations from his colleagues because he was not in a financial position to reciprocate.

In diplomacy *noblesse oblige* has its widest and most emphatic application. Americans are usually supposed to be rich. If an American diplomat does not show the usual hospitality, it is attributed to penuriousness.

When I returned to Washington on leave, Mr. Cleveland asked me how I got on with my salary. I told him I could live fairly well as a diplomat on four times that amount. My stay in Constantinople cost at the rate of between $35,000 and $40,000 a year.

With the inauguration of a new Administration, the heads of missions tender their resignations to the new President through the Secretary of State. This I did. I was unofficially advised that, for fear I would be displaced, numerous letters and memorials from individuals and from missionary societies and various Protestant churches were sent to the President requesting that I be retained at my post. Dr. Pepper, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, together with the presidents of several other leading universities, asked for my retention. I wrote Dr. Pepper advising him that I could not continue, that it was imperative for me to return home.

On June 5, 1889, I received a letter from James G. Blaine, the new Secretary of State, accepting my resignation and commending me for my conduct of the mission.

A few days before I left Constantinople I was invited to dine with the Sultan. Expressing regret at my departure, he said that at no time during his reign had the relations between our two countries been more agreeable. He referred especially to a large claim pressed through the Legation by an American citizen. It was based upon a dynamite gun which the American was permitted to exhibit. I examined the claim carefully, and found that it was not justified either morally or legally, and accordingly informed the Porte that the claim was withdrawn. It seems that the Porte was not accustomed to such fair treatment. The result was that whenever I presented a matter it was always believed to be justified.

I had frequently dined with the Sultan, but this time he was especially affable and spoke quite freely about his affairs. He was very well informed, holding the Government closely, too closely, in his own hands.

On this occasion he said he had heard of the great disaster and loss of lives in the Johnstown flood, and that he desired to transmit through me a contribution of 200 pounds. The following day I cabled this amount to the Secretary of State, who replied:

> Express grateful appreciation of the President and the Government of the United States for the Sultan's generous relief for flood sufferers.

The wailing place of Jews in Jerusalem

The missionaries at Constantinople sent me a joint letter on the eve of my departure, June 22, expressing regret at my leaving and satisfaction for the manner in which the prestige of the United States had been sustained. The letter read in part:

> As missionaries, we are grateful to you for the effects of this care, seen in important and we hope permanent advantages incidentally secured for various of our enterprises. As fellow-exiles from the homeland we would assure you of the high value which we have placed upon those social relations with yourself and Mrs. Straus which lead us to desire always to be numbered among your friends.

We boarded the steamship to make the passage through the Black Sea to Varna. A royal *caique*, one of those graceful Bosphorus rowboats manned by six oarsmen, came alongside. An aide-de-camp of the Sultan boarded the ship and presented to Mrs. Straus, in the name of the Sultan, the highest order of the Shefekat decoration, a star set in brilliants. The reasons which would have prohibited me from accepting a decoration did not apply to her, so it would have been ungracious to decline it.

NEXT WEEK—CLOSE-UPS OF GROVER CLEVELAND

A FASCINATING account of Mr. Straus's long and intimate relationships with President Cleveland comprises next week's installment of the Autobiography. Cleveland's war on "free silver," his defeat in 1888 because of his uncompromising stand on coinage and the tariff, and his renomination and election in 1892 are authoritatively discussed. His conversion of Nathan Straus's home in Lakewood, New Jersey, into "the little White House," and his calm conduct while under fire by political enemies are described. Unusual Cleveland letters are presented. He is described on vacations in New York; his theatrical tastes, his midnight suppers and flair for humor are all delightfully reported.

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THE ANONYMOUS NEW YORK BANKER SEEN ON HUDSON

Percy and Ferdie Will Appear in Full Page Form in Colors in The New York Herald

Champions Going Abroad

All the Title Holders Are Contemplating Trip to England in Near Future.

By FRED KEATS.

Setting the Pace

By [illegible]

CHAMPION TUNNEY AND TOM GIBBONS SHOULD MIX IT UP

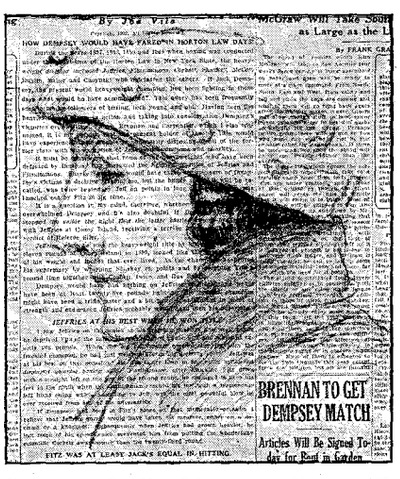
MIKE GIBBONS STILL TRAILING WILSON

MIDDLEWEIGHT FIGHTERS.

THERE is a banker down in Wall Street whose evening newspaper sometimes becomes an unnoticed sketch-book. A member of The Outlook's staff discovered the banker's *penchant* for sketching faces, and persuaded him to let us prove to readers of The Outlook that New York banking circles are not wholly engrossed with deposits, loans, collateral, compound interest, and foreign exchange. Last May we published a group of his sketches of commuters. The present group shows types observed on a Hudson River ferry-boat. Other examples of sketches by the financier will appear in The Outlook from time to time.

This is not Samuel Gompers, although it looks something like him. Perhaps he's a labor leader on his way to a big conference. Or, he might be mistaken for one of the men who own Broadway. But he undoubtedly knows what the public wants—whether his line is real estate, neckties, billboards, or women's wear

He doesn't mind living in Jersey, since the ride gives him ample time to read his paper without missing any of the news. Moreover, the Jersey side is the place to raise his family



She regards the big ocean liner with longing eyes and wonders if she will ever be lucky enough to shelve shorthand and filing cabinets for a deck-chair

He is usually first off the ferry at Hoboken and plays a resourceful game of pinochle in the smoker of the 5:50 on the Lackawanna that roars through the Oranges

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TURNS HIS PENCIL LOOSE ON TYPES RIVER FERRY-BOATS

Genoa as a Beginning

Deadlock on the Bonus

Rural Community Hospitals

New Yorkers will recognize the restrained typography of the editorial page of the New York "Evening Post." But the lady herself doubtless favors the "Evening Journal." The anonymous banker did not say whether she was a soubrette in a musical comedy or a second-lead in a thriller

Another Sort of Conference.

Now Subways or—

Bombing a City Government.

Literary Cliques.

Pilot? Engineer? Anyway, he is one of the men who keep the ferries plying like shuttles in a loom. The stalwart structure of his face would tempt the pencil of any sketch artist

Lloyd George May Decide to Stay

Cabinet Agrees on Which Does Not Give Resignation

Opponents Say That He Will Recognize Hand-writing on the Wall

Surrounded the Block

Pepper Had Big Majority

An intrepid profile whose owner might be counted on to run a hundred yards or close a sale in fast time. A profile providing unmistakable denial of the notion that they're slow in Jersey

Third to Start

Setting the Pace

By Joe Vila

RECONSTRUCTION OF CUBS' INTERESTS BASEBALL WORLD.

Few Yankees Hit

Jim Jolley May Shine.

RECRUITS FOR THE INFIELD AND OUTFIELD.

The ferry-boat is always a good place for a quiet little tête-à-tête and for a timely discussion of where to locate the romantic bungalow. The artist does not show their hands, but of course they're holding them

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THE BOOK TABLE

BOOTH TARKINGTON, DRAMATIST

AN IDLE CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN INDOLENT REVIEWER AND HIS CAPTIOUS FRIEND

BY BARRETT H. CLARK

The Friend. I warn you, my mind is made up; but if you want to air your ideas, go ahead. However, if you intend to write a review, why not write it? You surely aren't going to use *my* ideas?

The Reviewer. No; but you offer me just enough in the way of half-way intelligent opposition to stimulate my own thoughts. Besides, I don't like the notion of sitting down and dissecting Booth Tarkington's plays.

The Friend. You agree with me, then, that they are not worth writing about! Right. His *books* are a different story. Now, take "Alice Adams"—

The Reviewer. I have not read "Alice Adams," and I prefer not to discuss the novels. I have been reading the three newly published plays—"Clarence," "The Country Cousin," and "Penrod,"[1] and if you will allow me to tell you about them—

The Friend. Let me look at them. Why, these are simply the prompt copies, evidently reprinted from the stage manager's scripts—

The Reviewer. Intended for production in theaters. That's what a play is. I hope I sha'n't have to make such an obvious statement in my review.

The Friend. Why didn't he publish them as *books?*

The Reviewer. Why not as tone-poems? Shall I never convince you that a play is a play, and that when you are privileged to read it you must always think of it as a play?

The Friend. But these are simply skeletons: dialogue and a few scraps of description—hardly literature, I should say.

The Reviewer. You must accept the conventions of the form.

The Friend. But listen to this bit of "description"—I read at random from "The Country Cousin:"

> Sitting-room at Mrs. Howitt's, Centerville, Ohio. A June morning. A pleasant, homelike, incongruous interior of the eighties and nineties. Two windows, rectangular oblongs, plain (with no small panes) in back. Cream-colored shades and lace curtains.

And they say Tarkington can write! "In back"!

The Reviewer. You don't understand; that is only—

The Friend. Wait. I want to read you the description of Mrs. Howitt: "She is a gentle but rather careworn forty-five; wears half-mourning." That's all. It reads like a telegram—

The Reviewer. But—

The Friend. I make that a night letter.

The Reviewer. The description is sufficient.

The Friend. Not for me.

The Reviewer. It is for the manager and the actress.

The Friend. But I am neither the manager nor the actress. I prefer de-

BOOTH TARKINGTON

scriptions of houses and people as the author writes them in his novels.

The Reviewer. Did you *see* "The Country Cousin"?

The Friend. Yes. That was different.

The Reviewer. Exactly. You are now reading the "night letter" directions, purposely laconic and to the point, that are intended merely to guide the manager and the actors. You insist on comparing a printed play with a printed novel, and you miss a delightful experience. You have a mechanical piano, haven't you?

The Friend. Yes. What has that to do with the case?

The Reviewer. You crank it, or touch the self-starter or whatever it is, and it does the rest?

The Friend. Yes.

The Reviewer. And you like it?

The Friend. Yes.

The Reviewer. I don't. I beg your pardon, but I don't like your machine. I prefer the old-fashioned work-it-yourself pianola, where I use my hands and feet—and incidentally my head. I feel I am running the show; I often used to imagine myself the conductor of a great orchestra, and to this day no one can persuade me that my own reading of the "Ninth Symphony" is not finer than that of Nikisch. I am sure I enjoyed it more than I did any subsequent rendition of it.

The Friend. And this little chapter from your autobiography is intended to show—

The Reviewer. That my own imagination filled the gaps. The pianola roll supplied the barren notes and I the inspiration. And so it is with plays. Did you never declaim "Hamlet" to yourself in the bath-tub and imagine you were Booth? I have played a violin and thought I was Kreisler as I accompanied myself on the pianola, playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto!

The Friend. I don't imagine the neighbors thought so.

The Reviewer. I was oblivious of the neighbors—to put it politely.

The Friend. But what about Tarkington and his plays?

The Reviewer. Simply this: Take these "skeletons," as you call them, use your imagination, fancy yourself the stage director, the actors, the entire audience, and be the whole show yourself. That's practically what you do when you read a novel. Only, I beg you, when you read a play, forget that there is such a thing as a novel. And I venture to suggest, if you will try the experiment in a sympathetic mood, that you will find more in some plays than you do in a trilogy of novels.

The Friend. Your customary exaggeration.

The Reveiwer. I speak the literal truth. For example, compare "Antony and Cleopatra"—or "Cæsar and Cleopatra," to make the test a little fairer—with, well, with "Nicholas Nickleby." Do you miss the descriptions in Shakespeare? And as for Shaw, you get a small novel together with the play.

The Friend. Booth Tarkington is not Shakespeare, nor even Shaw.

The Reviewer. But they have one thing in common: they are all dramatists. For the sake of argument, I maintain that what Booth Tarkington omits in the way of detailed description serves only to stimulate the imagination.

The Friend. Tell me, why do writers take such infinite trouble to describe people and places?

The Reviewer. Sometimes the description is beautiful in itself; sometimes, unfortunately, it indicates intellectual laziness; and sometimes, of course, it takes the place of actual dialogue. The effective play tells a story by means of action, supplemented by speech, and, since the play is usually concerned with critical moments in the lives of people, the dramatist is forced to present his characters more vividly, more saliently, more *dramatically*, than is the novelist.

The Friend. Would you say that

[1] Samuel French, New York.

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"Clarence" is as complete a revelation of character as "Penrod"? I refer of course to the "Penrod" of the novels, not of the dramatization.

The Reviewer. That depends on you.

The Friend. On me?

The Reviewer. Yes. Suppose you read "Hamlet" at the age of ten. You naturally lack the background of experience, and of course the play will mean little to you. If as a child you prefer Mother Goose rhymes, that cannot be urged as proof that the rhymes are greater than the play. The fault, dear Brutus—

The Friend. And so—

The Reviewer. And so with the reading of plays. You require a certain amount of background, a point of view, in order to get out of a play everything that the dramatist has put into it. An ingenious French critic once declared that Molière's Harpagon (in "The Miser") was as great a character as Balzac's Père Grandet (in "Eugénie Grandet"), but insisted that the comparison should not be made until Harpagon was in the surroundings proper to him—that is, in a theater. What you do in reading a play is simply to mount it, in your imagination. But to return to Tarkington—

The Friend. You spoke of "The Country Cousin." I saw it acted a few years ago, and I confess that I blush for two ex-Presidents of the United States, both of whom seemed to think the piece worthy of serious attention.

The Reviewer. I grant you "The Country Cousin" is at best a flag-waving bit of propaganda, thoroughly Hundred Per Cent. But you will note that the play is the child of two parents: Julian Street is named as collaborator. I do not of course know what part each writer is responsible for, but it seems as if both compromised over the transaction and omitted the best of himself, for the result is mediocrity. But give it credit for a generous amount of good character drawing, exactly the sort of thing you profess to admire in "Seventeen" and "Penrod." Take, for instance, Sam Wilson. Sam opens the play. There is no description of him until after his entrance, and at that it is merely a matter of three short sentences, but you *know* Sam the moment he opens his mouth. Let me read you his opening speech:

> You take the fellows that loaf all their vacation, where'll they be time I'm in politics, Congress? I'm goin' to get somewhere in this short life we got, I tell you! . . . I get a lot out o' Shakespeare; he's a good writer. Every now and then, when I'm workin' on an oration I come up against somep'n that sticks me—somep'n I can't seem to work out right. Well, sir, time and again, if I got a copy of Shakespeare handy, I find he's got just what I want, and half the time he's got it worked out better'n I could myself.

And there you have Sam. It's living speech—"

The Friend. Do you think that way of presenting character is better than the same writer's method in a novel?

The Reviewer. Not of necessity better, but certainly not worse. Read a dozen plays, and you will find novel-reading just a little dull. You will miss something, surely, but you will be compensated by receiving impressions which no novelist can give you. I am surprised that in America we have not adopted play-reading as a time-saving device. He who runs may read a play! The play eliminates the non-essentials, particularly the sort of padding that turns a good short story into a third-rate novel.

The Friend. Would you prohibit novels, or rather permit them only in dramatized form?

The Reviewer. Novels *will* be prohibited sooner or later, and I shall be sorry, for what is finest in a great novel cannot be put into a play, just as a great play can never be adequately novelized. But most novels could with advantage be reduced to plays, thus saving some three or four hundred pages of valuable paper.

The Friend. Now, here is "Penrod," "a comedy in four acts adapted for the stage from Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories"—

The Reviewer. Let us pass at once to "Clarence," which is not a dramatization. You saw the performance?

The Friend. Yes, and very good entertainment it was. But nothing more.

The Reviewer. Nothing more! Good heavens, what do you want? Surely you are not one of those people who insist that a play shall be "as good as a sermon"? You don't expect to be uplifted and all that?

The Friend. No, but I demand something besides entertainment.

The Reviewer. It all depends on what you mean by "entertainment." "Hamlet" is "mere entertainment" for me; I am interested and excited by "Hamlet," but I surely don't go to see it in order to learn philosophy. "Clarence," I grant you, does not "entertain" me as does "Hamlet," but—like "Hamlet," remember—it shows human beings in interesting and critical situations. And that is why we go to the theater.

The Friend. Granted. But "Clarence" is trivial. It does not grapple with human problems; it fails even to reveal a pale reflection of life. The characters are puppets who do nothing, think nothing, and say nothing of exceptional significance.

The Reviewer. Look at "Clarence" as you would at a spectacle. Without unriddling the secret of life, Booth Tarkington has managed to throw together a number of genuinely American people. Isn't it interesting to see ourselves on the stage? How seldom do we have the chance! Here is Clarence. Can you imagine any one but an American doing and saying what Clarence does and says? The whimsicality and sly humor of that extraordinary entomologist would not, I think, raise the shadow of a smile on the face of a German, and a Frenchman would be bored by it. The humor is quaint, it is quiet, it is not forced; above all, it emerges from the situations and is not gratuitously grafted upon the play, as conventional humor is so apt to be. You may have noticed how in many plays the dramatist seems to have gone over his MS. at rehearsals, seasoning it with "laughs." Well, Tarkington gets his laughs, not by bright lines and last-moment inspirations, but by allowing his people to reveal themselves at the right time and under the right circumstances. That is why "Clarence" is a genuine comedy. Listen to this (I omit the stage directions):

> Cora. Do you wear spectacles because your eyes got gassed?
>
> Clarence. No. They say the liver affects the eyes very much.
>
> Cora. How did it *feel* when you first enlisted?
>
> Clarence. It felt all right. There was nothing the matter with it then.
>
> Cora. I don't mean your liver. I mean how did *you* feel when you first enlisted?
>
> Clarence. I was drafted.
>
> Cora. Were you just a private all the time?
>
> Clarence. Yes, all the time after I was drafted, I was.
>
> Bobby. I hope there'll be another war in about a couple of years or so.
>
> Clarence. You want another war?
>
> Bobby. You bet!
>
> Clarence. So you could be in it?
>
> Bobby. Yes, *sir!*
>
> Clarence. I wish you'd been in this one. What would you do?
>
> Bobby. Flying Corps. That's the life!
>
> Cora. What did *you* do in the war?
>
> Clarence. I drove a mule.
>
> Cora. What in the world did you do that for?
>
> Clarence. Somebody *had* to.
>
> Cora. But what *for?*
>
> Clarence. They won't go where you want 'em to unless you drive 'em.
>
> Bobby. Did you meet Major Brooks-Carmel in France? He's a cousin of ours.
>
> Clarence. No. I didn't meet him.
>
> Cora. Did you meet Lieutenant Whitcomb?
>
> Clarence. What was *his* first name?
>
> Cora. Hobart. Lieutenant *Sir* Hobart Whitcomb, really. He was English—in the Royal Flying Corps.
>
> Clarence. No. I didn't meet him.
>
> Cora. It's *right* to be personal to soldiers, isn't it?—so as to look after their welfare?
>
> Clarence. It's very public-spirited.
>
> Cora. I think our American uniform is *so* becoming, don't you?
>
> Clarence. Do you mean you think I'd look worse in other clothes?
>
> Cora. No, but I *would* like to know why you drove a mule.
>
> Clarence. I didn't *select* that branch of the service myself.
>
> Cora. You mean somebody told you to?
>
> Clarence. Yes; so I thought it was better to do what they said.
>
> Cora. Did you have to learn to

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swear at the mules to make them obey?

Clarence. No. No, I didn't.

Cora. Were you ever wounded?

Clarence. Yes, I was.

Cora. Oh, he was wounded! Where was it?

Clarence. At target practice!

There you have it. No smartness, no epigrams, not a false note. It is not great literature; it can hardly be called *great* comedy, but it is genuine.

The Friend. It is, as far as it goes. But tell me, do a string of scenes of that sort make a fine play?

The Reviewer. Yes. You miss the plot, but let me tell you that in pure comedy the plot matters little. It is at best a thread which holds the characters together. It may be conventional, it usually is; in "Clarence" the plot is little more than an excuse for the presentation of a number of very human and very amusing people. Clarence himself is a delight, and Bobby is surely as fine an example of youth as Tarkington ever conceived.

The Friend. You seem, then, to think that the story is nothing, and the characters everything?

The Reviewer. In comedy, the plot—

The Friend. Yes, yes, you've said that before. But tell me, what would "The Bat" be without a plot?

The Reviewer. Nothing, because "The Bat" is not a comedy. It is solely the plot that is of interest; the people are of no importance or interest. In order to enjoy "The Bat"—and I did enjoy it—I must be in my seat before the curtain rises and remain in it until the last curtain falls after the mystery is revealed. Not so with comedy; you would enjoy seeing the second act of "Clarence" without the others; but imagine seeing the second act of "The Bat"! In "Clarence" I am willing to let the plot go hang—

The Friend. So was Tarkington!

The Reviewer. So was Tarkington. It would have been almost impossible to develop so many characters if the dramatist had concentrated his attention on the story as well. Think of "The School for Scandal" and "As You Like It." Does the plot in either instance amount to a row of pins? Some day some one will discover a new way to write a comedy—without a plot—

The Friend. You're quite mad!

The Reviewer. Shaw has almost done it. Or rather he has written plays which, if they had been good as character comedies, would have proved my point, for they are nothing as regards plot.

The Friend. Let me give you a word of advice. If you intend to write an article on Tarkington as a dramatist, you'll have to think of something to say about him.

The Reviewer. You think I need a plot?

The Friend. Something at least besides trivial dialogue. Are you going to do the article?

The Reviewer. I hardly think so.

THE MAIL BAG

BITS OF TEXAS POLITICAL HISTORY

I HAVE read your editorial "Merely a Choice of Two Evils" in The Outlook of September 13, 1922, based upon a telegram from Mr. John A. Lomax concerning the recent Senatorial race in Texas. I am a native of Texas, a graduate of the State University, and a Rhodes scholar from Texas. By virtue of the last fact, I was in England during the greater part of the campaign. In the spirit, accordingly, of an interested observer I am taking the liberty of sending you the facts outlined below as a follow-up article, based upon the complete returns as recorded by the Texas Election Bureau.

The conclusion drawn in your editorial comment on the Senatorial race in Texas is not sustained by the facts.

To correct a slight error, may I state that Mr. John A. Lomax is not Secretary of the University of Texas? He has not been connected with that institution since the summer of 1917.

The essential error lies in the suggestion that Earle B. Mayfield's candidacy did not appeal to the people of Texas. That it did is evidenced by these figures. In the first primary, with a field of six, polling a combined vote of 596,633, Mayfield received 163,910—27 per cent, or slightly less than one-third, of the total number of votes cast—which gave him a plurality of 32,602 over Ferguson, who ran second, and 59,911 more votes than Senator Charles A. Culberson, the incumbent.

In the run-off 582,824 ballots were cast, or 13,809 less than in the first primary. It would therefore appear that something under 14,000 Democrats—and not 100,000 as Mr. Lomax suggests—failed to vote. With respect to these, it is fair to note that Mayfield's nomination was assured after the first primary, so of the 13,809 who failed to vote it is safe to assume that the most of them were Mayfield's adherents. Ferguson, on the other hand, appealed to every element of dissatisfaction and polled a maximum vote. It is likewise interesting to record that more people voted in the second primary than in any other Texas run-off.

Mr. Mayfield announced for the Senate in July of 1921 upon the distinct proposition of undertaking to preserve the life of the State Railroad Commission. He made 169 speeches in the first primary and never mentioned any one of his five opponents, refusing to be drawn into a campaign of mud-slinging or personal abuse and sticking to his platform. In the second primary he delivered thirty speeches of the same character.

In 1906, when twenty-five years old, Mayfield was elected to the State Senate, carrying every county in the district. In 1910 he was re-elected, again carrying every county in his district. In 1912 he ran for the State Railroad Commission, winning by 16,000. He was re-elected in 1914 by a majority of 130,000, and in 1920 was elected for the third time by a majority of 150,000, carrying all but one of the 252 counties in Texas.

His chief source of strength has been and is now an unyielding opposition to the liquor traffic. He launched his political career when the brewing interests dominated Texas politics from the precinct organizations to the State Convention, and he has waged six fights with stubborn opposition, the last one culminating in his nomination for the Senate.

Austin, Texas. ROBERT M. FIELD.

[Mr. Lomax had already written us when this communication was received, pointing out the error in our statement concerning his connection with the University of Texas. Mr. Lomax retired from his professorship at the time when Governor Ferguson overthrew the management of the University. When a new board of regents of the University was created, Mr. Lomax was again invited to resume his professorship. He is now executive secretary of the Ex-Students' Association of the University of Texas.

In his letter to us Mr. Lomax gives the following information:

"You may be interested to know that on Saturday, September 16, the independent Democrats of Texas nominated George E. B. Peddy to oppose Mr. Mayfield in the race for United States Senator. Immediately after the Democrats had nominated Mr. Peddy, the Republicans also indorsed him as candidate for Senator."

NO PUSSY-FOOTERS WANTED

PLEASE accept my hearty congratulations on the editorial in the September 20th Outlook headed "Pussy-Footing." From start to finish it is admirable both in sentiment and in expression. It puts the matter so plainly that he who runs, unless he is a fool, may read. At first I had felt that a governmental investigation would be only an expense, since everybody who has read the news of recent years, not to mention the history of the past, must realize that Islam is not capable of exercising civilized government. If those whom you ironically call statesmen would only stop thinking that they know it all, we should see something practicable and reasonable done to meet the situation. I wish that this editorial might rouse a public sentiment in the two great Anglo-Saxon nations that would make itself felt in season to accomplish something worth while.

WILLIAM J. SEELYE.

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* * *

THE story of du Pont's service to the country is an inspiring one. For since its earliest days, the country's means of defense has been among the most important of this Company's service.

And rightly so, for since 1802, when at Thomas Jefferson's invitation, E. I. du Pont de Nemours set up on the Brandywine River the first powder mill in America, du Ponts have been powder-makers to the United States Government.

The history of the du Pont Company is a story that is inseparably interwoven with the nation's history—a story that ranges through the century from Perry's jubilant "We have met the enemy and they are ours," to Pershing's reverent "Lafayette, we are here"—a story in which "Old Zach" Taylor across the Rio Grande, Grant before Vicksburg and Dewey at Manila Bay are heroic figures—a story of work and research always with the thought in mind that when America was forced to fight, she might have at her hand the best explosives and munitions science knew, and in the ever-increasing quantities that she needed.

There is, indeed, no finer illustration of du Pont's service and efficiency than in the records of the last war. Starting in 1914 with a capacity of only 12,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder a year, it increased its volume until it was producing 440,000,000 pounds a year, supplying 40% of the Allies' explosives, and at the same time *voluntarily* reduced its price in the course of three years from $1 a pound to less than 50c!

* * *

YET, great as the du Pont Company's services to the country have been in times of war, those are only the occasional services, for, happily, war comes but rarely. And it is the unsung services of the du Pont organization in times of peace that are truly remarkable.

The du Pont Company has been one of the leaders in the application of chemistry to the country's industries—one of the leaders in developing the most remarkable figure of the twentieth century—the Chemical Engineer.

Since its earliest beginnings, the du Pont Company has been building upon the foundations of chemistry. Not only was E. I. du Pont de Nemours himself a chemist, who had studied with the celebrated Lavoisier in Paris, but the manufacture of explosives was then and is now one of the industries that most require the services of the chemist.

As explosives increased in complexity and called for increasing chemical knowledge, the du Pont Company, little by little gathered to itself many of the keenest minds in the science and built up one of the finest chemical staffs in America, a staff not only of research chemists, but of men who knew manufacturing as well as the science of chemistry—men who were Chemical Engineers.

Now, the Chemical Engineer is a rare mingling of abilities. He is a chemist who can take the discoveries made on the experimental scale of the laboratories and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. He is the man who has brought to the doors of industry new substances, new uses for long-used substances, uses for products that once were waste, and processes that cut the cost of manufacturing and made possible the century's wonderful strides in commerce.

And the du Pont Company's assistance in developing the Chemical Engineer and introducing him into his rightful place in American industry is not the least of the du Pont Company's services to the country.

* * *

BUT yet another service has come through the Chemical Engineer—the family of du Pont products that carry the du Pont Oval. There is Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage and bindings of books, not to mention half a hundred other uses—there is Pyralin from which toilet-ware for your wife's dressing table is made and many other articles—there are paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers—there are dyes—there are many chemicals that America's industries must have—seemingly non-related, yet all of them the legitimate children of a manufacturer of explosives, for the basic materials or processes that go to the making of each of them are similar to those that du Pont Chemical Engineers use in the making of explosives—and it is only through the manufacture of such products as Fabrikoid and Pyralin and dyestuffs in times of peace that the du Pont Company can be sure of being prepared for its larger service—that of insuring means for the nation's defense in times of war.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

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A bulletin has been prepared showing the development of this profitable municipal venture. Today, some 47 buildings are heated from the central station plant. Heat sales run over $32,000 a year. Fire hazards are reduced because individual heating plants are thrown out of these buildings. Dirt and dust of coal and ash handling are eliminated. This is one of over four hundred installations of Community Heating designed and installed by our engineers.

If there is an electric light plant or factory in *your* city wasting steam, why not use it to heat nearby buildings? Buy your steam heat as you buy gas or electricity—by meter!

Write for Bulletin No. 20-O covering Adsco Community Heating of a group of buildings from Central Station Steam Plant. Bulletin No. 158-O covers Adsco Heating for individual buildings. Architects, engineers and heating dealers should also ask for Bulletin No. 159-O.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GERMAN MARK?

BY ROGER C. HOYT

THE answer to this question is being eagerly sought by two classes of Americans. First, the many thousands who immediately after the armistice, deluded by the specious promises of over-optimistic brokers, "invested" their savings in German marks and have since watched the steady march of the mark towards the vanishing point. Secondly, that large group of American business men who wish to transact business with Germany but find it practically impossible to make contracts because of the rapid shift of prices in Germany due to the wide fluctuation of the mark. Perhaps a simple statement of the economic principles involved will, therefore, throw some light on the probable outcome of this perplexing situation.

The complexity of civilized life makes money absolutely essential as a medium of exchange and as a measure of value. In primitive times men resorted to barter, which was the simple exchange of commodities. But this very quickly grew cumbersome and inadequate. Men then cast around for some article which could serve as a unit of value. In savage communities the unit was seashells, cattle, beaver-skins, corn, cocoanuts, salt, or some other article of general consumption. But these units in turn were soon found to be unsatisfactory and a unit of greater intrinsic value was sought. Men then turned to the use of metals which had many desirable qualities as money, and gradually gold, the most valuable metal, became accepted as the most universally satisfactory unit which could be found. And so, in course of time, what is known as the "gold standard" became the basis for the currency systems of practically all modern governments. This means that the underlying unit of value is gold and that all other forms of currency are ultimately redeemable in gold.

Unfortunately, however, many governments, led astray by financial stringency and false economic theories, have attempted to issue currency not redeemable in gold, but basing its value on the mere word or fiat of the issuing government. This form of currency is known as "fiat money." Our own greenbacks issued after the Civil War are an example of this "fiat money." But the issue of flat money by a government immediately brings into action an old economic law known as Gresham's Law. This in simple language is that "bad money drives out good money." When bad money is issued, people will hoard their good money, and in time the bad money will depreciate in value because there is no real intrinsic value back of it. There are many such cases in the monetary history of the last two centuries. During our war of the Revolution the Continental Congress issued over 241 millions of paper money. This

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depreciated rapidly, and in a few years became practically worthless. Pelatiah Webster in "Political Essays" says:

"If it saved the state, it also polluted the equity of our laws; turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; corrupted the justice of our public administration; destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had most confidence in it; enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of the country; and went far to destroy the morality of our people."

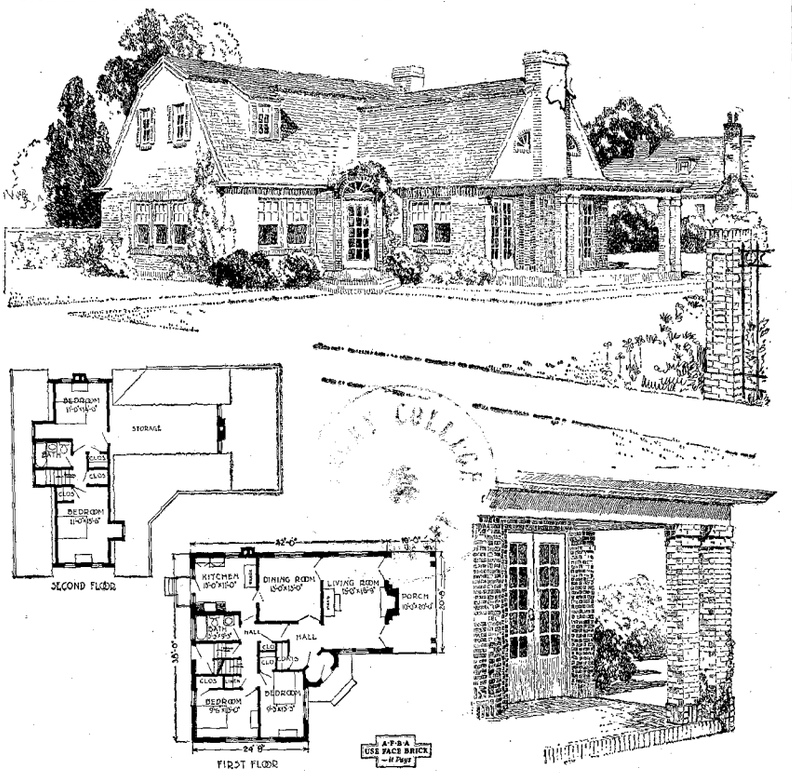
This statement of the effect of a depreciated currency, made by a writer in 1791, might be applied with equal force to the Germany of to-day.

Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, speaking of this same period in our history, says:

"The spurious prosperity occasioned by the high prices during the war soon vanished and turned into the contrary after the collapse of the paper money. During the eighties the suffering was extreme. Only with the greatest difficulty could the Revolution be brought to a successful close; while the ensuing business depression and universal distress well-nigh destroyed the very fabric of the state. So alarming was the situation that almost the first thing accomplished by the convention which framed the new constitution was to prohibit the issue of bills of credit by the States and to adopt a provision which was supposed to apply the same inhibition to the Federal Government as well. And when the National debt was funded in 1790 the remnants of the old paper money were accepted at the rate of 100 to 1. Thus came to an end an inglorious chapter in our fiscal history."

France had a similar experience during her Revolution. The treasury then issued the famous assignats or paper money presumably based on public lands. The original issue of 400 million livres steadily grew until it reached the enormous total of 45½ billions. The inevitable depreciation rapidly took place and the bills became practically worthless. A French writer, M. Marion, describes the result as follows:

"It was now that there appeared in all their gravity the innumerable calamities, political, administrative, economic, moral, and social, which inevitably follow the ever-growing issue of a depreciated paper money; the ruin of the treasury, crushed, on the one hand, by the insignificance of the revenues paid in paper of a nominal value, and, on the other, by the growth of the expenditures necessarily met in actual values; the increasing difficulty of procuring food, the commodities fleeing from a paper sunk so low; impotence and inertia of the administration deprived by the worthlessness of this paper of all its means of activity; the upsetting of fortunes; the sudden enrichment of all debtors except the state; and the ruin of all creditors through the payment in illusory values of sums contracted for and expressed in real values; universal demoralization, fever of gambling and stock jobbing taking the place of



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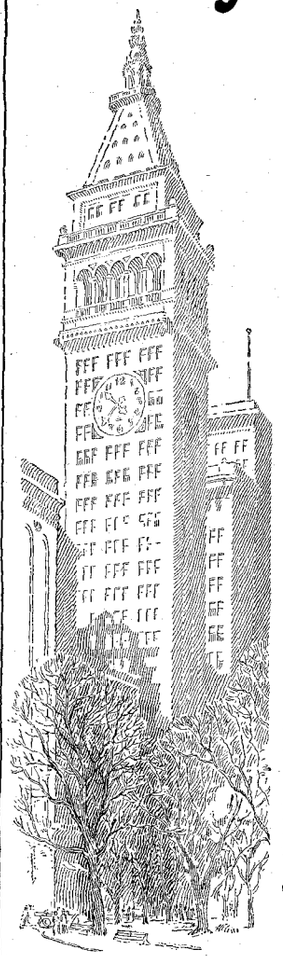

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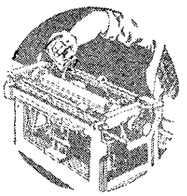

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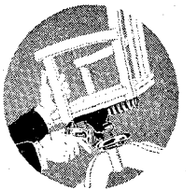

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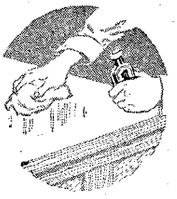

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WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GERMAN MARK? *(Continued)*

the love of work and the practice of thrift."

Is not the above statement fully as applicable to the Germany of to-day?

The monetary history of almost all civilized governments contains similar examples of the evil effects of a fiat paper currency.

And now, with the above economic and historical background, what can we reasonably expect to be the outcome of Germany's experiment with a depreciated paper currency? Depreciation of the mark has reached almost ludicrous proportions. We have the now familiar example of Russia before us, where the printing-presses find it impossible to keep up with the demands for a constantly depreciating currency. Russian rubles are now the "stage money" of the world and have little more value than the paper on which they are printed. The German Government appears to be following the same path of illusion which leads to the graveyard of the paper mark. It was recently reported that the great German Central Bank, the Reichsbank, was compelled to shut its doors and refuse payment of currency to its depositors because of an actual deficiency in the available supply of bills. In other words, depreciation had gone so far that the printing-presses were unable to keep up with the demand for paper money. The measure of depreciation is shown by the present quotation of seven one-hundredths of one cent for a mark which has a normal or par value of 23.3 cents. Thus far has the mark plunged from the gold unit of world value toward the abyss of oblivion. With the issue of billions of paper marks still unchecked, ultimate redemption in gold has become an impossibility.

As an evidence of this tremendous inflation, it is reported that the Reichsbank's note circulation in the last week of July *increased* over 12½ billion marks. Between July, 1921, and July, 1922, the note circulation *increased* over 122 billion marks, and discounts of treasury bills and private loans *increased* nearly 128 billion marks. The total outstanding bank notes on September 15 amounted to the incredible total of over 271 billion marks.

The best that the "investor" in marks can look for is partial redemption at a greatly reduced ratio. This is in effect partial repudiation. But more probably the paper mark will be almost if not completely repudiated and a new currency standard set up. In our opinion, therefore, the holder of marks has very little to hope for and his best course would seem to be to find some method of investing his holdings in German property or industrial securities which have some measure of real value. This of course is not an easy thing to do. We might state, however, that a company has just been formed in New York for the purpose of investing American holdings of marks in German securities. It remains to be seen whether such a venture will prove of any success.

The best that the business man who wishes to deal with Germany can look

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"I Will Put My Insurance in Trust"

WHEN a certain business man died, about two years ago, his wife received a considerable sum of insurance money. Knowing little about investments, she consulted her brother. He recommended that she purchase stock in the company of which he was president.

Last year the business went into the hands of a receiver. The widow's income has ceased, and her principal is practically lost.

Such cases as this point the moral that it is often as essential to provide for the future protection of insurance money as it is to pay the premiums.

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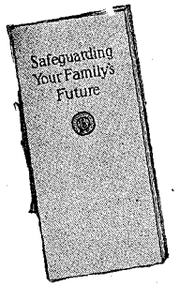

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or write to the address below for the booklets, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future" and "Your Wife and Your Insurance." If you intend that the money you leave shall provide family protection, these booklets will interest you.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE GERMAN MARK? *(Continued)*

for is that the German Government will be able to find some means of stabilizing its currency so that a measure of price stability can be attained. Here again this will probably be brought about by a partial or total repudiation of the paper mark. In any event, no improvement can be brought about until the German Government calls a halt on the printing-presses and in good faith makes the attempt to re-establish its monetary system on some basis of real value.

We can learn much from history, and history teaches us that a fiat currency has always invited disaster.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW

BY NOEL SARGENT

THE author has recently made some interesting investigations into what might well be termed the "practical" side of the open and closed shop controversy.

Fifteen cities in which building is at least seventy-five per cent on an open-shop basis were compared with the same number of cities where at least three-fourths of the construction in 1921 was performed under closed-shop conditions. The former group included Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, Atlanta, Milwaukee, Richmond, San Antonio, Grand Rapids, Seattle, Duluth, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Akron.

The closed shop cities listed were: Cleveland, Indianapolis, Newark, Kansas City, Missouri, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dayton, Pittsburgh (including McKeesport), Syracuse, Louisville, New Orleans, Providence, St. Louis, Scranton, Butte.

Lest it may be alleged that the cities were "hand picked," we must note that twenty-five of the thirty (a majority in each group) are among the fifty largest cities of the country, and that twenty-one, or seven out of each ten, are among the forty largest, according to the 1920 Census figures.

The "American Contractor" in a recent issue presents statistics as to building wages prevailing in different cities December 31, 1921. Figures were presented for nine of the open-shop cities and eight of the closed-shop cities. For purposes of comparison, the author has selected six occupations—carpenters, hod-carriers, plasterers, painters, bricklayers, and plumbers. The average hourly wages were as follows (in two of the cities, both upon an eight-hour basis, the "day" rate instead of the "hour" rate was given in the "American Contractor"):

Trade	Rate Per Hour: Open Shop.	Closed Shop.
Carpenters	$ .82	$1.01
Hod-carriers	.61	.74
Painters	.78	.96
Plasterers	1.04	1.16
Bricklayers	1.04	1.18
Plumbers	.95	1.02
Average	$ .82	$1.01

We see, therefore, that the average wage in the closed-shop towns is 16.1 per cent higher than that of the open-shop towns.

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As a mouth-wash to correct unpleasant breath [halitosis].

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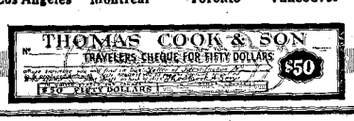

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW

(Continued)

popular cartoonist, "it doesn't mean anything."

The average per capita building permits for the year 1921 in the fifteen cities of the closed-shop group was $41; in the open-shop cities the average was $64. In other words, 56 per cent more building existed in towns where construction was upon an open-shop basis.

Which is best—to have 16 per cent higher wages—"on paper"—or to have 56 per cent more building in actual practice?

Let us take 100 building workers in an average city in each group. In the closed-shop town they work 100 hours for $1.16 an hour—a total of $116 received by the group. During the same period the workers in the open-shop city, receiving only $1 per hour, can work 156 hours, receiving $156. Thus the total wage of the group of workers in the open-shop town is 34 per cent greater than the group wage in the closed-shop town. To which group would you prefer to belong if you were a worker?

THE AMERICAN MECCA

BY ELIZABETH CANEY PARKER

We had to go to Oyster Bay. It was really most inconvenient and upset our plans substantially, for we are Navy people and were hurrying from one billet to another, and there was scant time or money for side-trips. But, as I said before, we simply had to go. Embarrassedly ashamed of my sentiment, I suggested the trip to my husband. Equally embarrassed, he admitted that he had thought we must make the pilgrimage.

So a hot Sunday afternoon found us tracing and retracing our way around the little village of Oyster Bay. Other cars were turning and backing at every crossroad and lane, as there were no signs to guide us. But our general drift was the same, and we came finally to a shady three-corners, where dozens of cars were parked, incongruously enough, in that quiet country spot. Limousines with correct chauffeurs glided into place, middle-class cars exuded large family parties, and uncountable Fords, backing and starting noisily, filled every space. The confusion irritated me, but I thought we would probably walk away from it to the quiet grave at some distance. But no—we had arrived.

Just across the road at a little gate a procession was forming. Quite involuntarily, each man's hat came off and every woman stopped talking or clutched her child firmly by the hand and said, "Sh!" There were no guards, no signs, nothing to enjoin silence. But we were approaching Mecca, and we knew!

We went up the little winding path in complete quiet—old and young, rich and poor, black and white and yellow, infirm and hearty, soldiers and sailors, ministers and Broadway tawdries. One stately and expensive dowager kept pace with the very dirtiest little gamin. Neither was abashed, for neither saw

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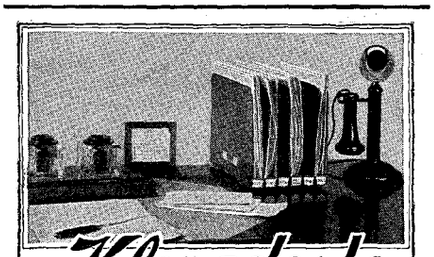

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THE AMERICAN MECCA

(Continued)

he other—or, if so, it was through Roosevelt's eyes. How I hated it at irst, that shuffling, heterogeneous crowd where I had expected peace and no other people! Only for a minute; then I gloried in the fact that only at a Roosevelt's grave could such a thing be—all humanity paying its homage—and that was a part of the throng.

Roosevelt's grave—a plain slab with simple name and dates of birth and death, and under his name that of his wife, the eagle's mate, with date of birth. A high iron fence surrounds the grave, on which were stately wreaths placed there by the rich and great of the world. And through the fence had been thrust every variety of growing things from orchids to little flowers and bits of shrub picked by the roadside.

We walked slowly around the inclosure and there was no sound. Then a woman sniffed, a man cleared his throat, and presently each one contributed a gulp, a sob, or a frantic blowing of nose. Real grief, real sorrow, for a man most of us had never seen was in every heart. Each person stood beside the grave of his own dead. But for all the sorrow there came a feeling of renewed strength and vigor. It really seemed that even after death that tremendous personality gave us a power as Mother Earth did to Antæus.

Then down the slope we made our way and heard such bits as these. An Italian said to his boy, "Verra brav' man, verra brav'." An old Irishwoman to a young girl, "He'd a-sittled our troubles fer us, wan way or anather." A Frenchman to his friend, "A personality of a greatness indescribable." A plain American to his boy, "He loved kids and he loved animals, son, and he always played the game." A sailor to another, "Gee, I felt a lot surer of what was working for when he was alive." One man answered his wife's question with: "Darned if I know what his religion was. Whatever it was, it took in all of 'em."

An Oyster Bay woman said to me: "He was big and famous and clever and President and author and statesman and fighter and all that, I know. But we Oyster Bay people lost the best neighbor in the world, and none of the rest of it means much to us."

As we all drifted apart I heard a scholarly-looking old man say to his companion, "He truly loved the world and lived for it."

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

Adv. No. 1

WITH FACTS BEFORE YOU, it is a question of conscience—of patriotism—of the honor of Uncle Sam—of justice for ALL who toil with hand or brain.

There are not "two sides" to such questions. That is why we meet no opposition but "silence"—side-stepping—camouflage. The book more than confirms every claim of the advertisements.

Incidentally, it is a question of dollars in your pocket—many of them—reduced taxes, better business, because of general prosperity.

Thrift and Prosperity

The Gist of It All

The nation has had a Postal Savings Bank since January, 1911.

Every other savings bank in the world makes at least the pretense of serving the interest of depositors, getting for them the largest possible returns consistent with safety and availability.

The Postal Savings Bank has been shackled by the opposite rule, attempting to get from depositors as much money as possible for the least possible interest, paying them only 2 per cent per annum, on money left in the bank at least one year. In practice this return is less than 1½ per cent. Furthermore, the law permits the funds now in the Postal Savings Bank to be loaned to commercial banks at 2¼ per cent, the banks loaning it to the Government, and to the people, at anywhere from two to four and five times that rate, and yet at no time has the market price for money on the soldiest security been less than 3½ to 4 per cent, and today, as everyone knows, is 6½ to 8 and 9 per cent. It is now proposed:

First—The Postal Savings Bank shall be open and accessible to all without limit as to amounts that may be deposited, and interest thereon paid for any period of time, as is customary with commercial banks.

Second—These deposits shall be loaned at the market price for money on security that is good beyond question. This should make, in these times, the net income for deposits at least 6 per cent, gradually diminishing to 5 or less as world prosperity returns.

Third—Four per cent semi-annual compound interest will go directly to depositors.

Fourth—The balance of the profits shall be paid twice a year into the United States Treasury, thus making possible the reduction of taxes and thereby benefiting the whole citizenship, including, of course, the depositors. This, it is estimated, should bring into the U. S. Treasury, **without taxing anybody one cent,** an annual income of at least $120,000,000, to possibly $300,000,000 or more.

Fifth—Every banking institution in the United States in good standing may become an agent for the Postal Savings Bank, both to receive deposits and to make loans, receiving for such service a small commission on both deposits and loans.

The Postal Savings Bank will thus become the greatest and strongest bank in the world, one vast national reservoir of the people's savings, available for loans to all who furnish proper security. There will be no favoritism to any class or interests—practically no limitation to loans except the limitation of good security and use in harmony with public good.

Sixth—The present gold standard is not affected and will be permanently maintained, yet gold is made no longer either fetish or a scarecrow.

Seventh—The Postal Savings Bank will be placed beyond the power of domination by any interest or class. It will have no power of either inflation or contraction, these powers being left in the exclusive possession of the existing Federal Reserve Banks.

Eighth—It will quickly mobilize and put into ordinary bank channels over three billion dollars ($3,000,000,000) of money not now in any bank—the identical kind of money that is now the foundation resource of all banks.

Ninth—With this bill in operation there will be scores of millions of depositors, instead of half a million as at present, with deposits exceeding thirty billions, possibly soon nearer one hundred billions, instead of one hundred and fifty-five million deposits as when this is written.

For details, facts uncontroverted, arguments unanswered—unanswerable—see "THRIFT AND PROSPERITY," by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and John B. Alden, Neshanic, N. J., farmer, ex-editor and book publisher; $1 at book stores, or free at Public Libraries.

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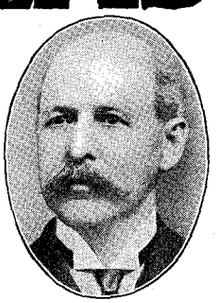

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GOVERNMENT needs railway mail cle $133 to $192 month. Write for free speci questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Col bus, Ohio.

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WANTED—Young woman, governess-c panion, well educated, Protestant, attrac appearance and personality, cheerful active, able to play piano, to take care of be companionable to two children, girl boy seven, both going to school, and to charge of household during occasi absence of parents. Previous experi secondary to ability and proper refere Residence Boston. Good salary. An 2,166, Outlook.

WANTED—Companion-helper in famil two. Country home with modern con ences. Box 154, Saybrook, Conn.

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WORKING housekeeper wanted by l ness couple with one child 2½ years. Ethel D. Hotaling, Hollis, Long Island.

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Sept. 12, 1922

Advertising Manager,
The Outlook,
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Yours very truly,

Try an Outlook "Want Ad." The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Happy, restful days—
CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Combined in ownership and management. Hospitable, quiet homelike. Broad deck porches overlooking the sea. Beautiful pavilions and sun parlors. Pleasant rooms. Golf and yacht club privileges.
On Beach and Boardwalk. American Plan. Write for folder and rates.
LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
The new Boardwalk Wing of Haddon Hall affords new opportunities for pleasure, comfort and rest.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, efficient, refined, good reader. Can travel. Physician's testimonial. 2,170 Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, of Finnish nationality, with many years hospital and private experience, wishes permanent position as nurse-companion or nurse to invalid lady. Best American credentials. Miss Sandberg, 321 Eighth Ave., North Pelham, N. Y.

TRAINED nurse, unusual ability, experienced, quiet, sunny disposition, desires position companion elderly person or semi-invalid. Competent to manage home. Accustomed to traveling. Highest credentials. 2,202, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, exceptional ability, would care for chronic case of any description, or chaperon lady. Regular rates. 2,206, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED—Opportunity for winter. South preferred. Management of tea and gift shop or inn by New England woman of refinement and successful business experience. Address 2,155, Outlook.

ACCOUNTANT-bookkeeper: Experienced, competent, dependable, middle-aged man. Small manufacturing business preferred, moderate salary, country town or small city. 2,156, Outlook.

GRADUATE orchardist, 20 years' experience, ex-lawyer, will manage gentleman's estate or serve as secretary. 2,210, Outlook.

WOMAN with varied experience; social worker, camp manager, years of experience as dramatic director, wishes executive position in settlement or institution. Highest credentials. 2,184, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

GENTLEWOMAN, practical, energetic, artistic, conscientious; having had many years experience in successful management of private sanitarium, desires similar engagement with physician of highest standing wishing to surround patients with home atmosphere and comforts, where many exceptional qualities can be exercised to advantage. Would supervise care of one or more patients. 2,193, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as executive housekeeper by lady accustomed to refined surroundings. Able to manage servants, attend to marketing; also supervise care of children. Willing to go to California. Nothing menial. 2,185, Outlook.

WOMAN, cultured, tactful, comprehensive, capable. Would manage apartment; chaperon one or more young ladies spending winter in New York. Or housekeeper, friend, companion to lady. Highest references. 2,194, Outlook.

POSITION as traveling companion or chaperon to lady wintering in South or California. Excellent references. 2,198, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as superintendent, matron, or housekeeper, by woman experienced in such work. Exceptional references. Address 2,190, Outlook.

HOUSEHOLD consultant—Expert adviser. Practical, conscientious, excellent taste and judgment. Servants engaged and installed. Kitchen equipped. Repairs supervised. Visiting buyer and manager, schools, households, etc. Any commission carefully executed. 2,195, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Refined, practical nurse desires position of companion or nurse to person going away for winter. 2,201, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as managing housekeeper in private family, by refined Southern woman—widow. 2,207, Outlook.

SOUTHERN woman, cultivated, Christian, desires position as companion or chaperon. 2,209, Outlook.

WOMAN, refined, capable, practical nurse, desires position attendant to invalid, matron institution. 2,213, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position as managing or companion housekeeper. Willing to travel. Highest references. 2,123, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

VISITING tutor-governess to children over six. German, French, piano. 12th year. Prepare for regents. 2,116, Outlook.

POSITION desired by refined, middle-aged American woman. Experienced teacher and governess. 2,179, Outlook.

YOUNG man, teacher, experienced, college graduate, desires position in religious or private school. Primary, intermediate, or high school subjects. Protestant; highest references; moderate salary. 2,186, Outlook.

TEACHER would accompany young person to Florida for winter. 2,200, Outlook.

WOMAN teacher, M. S. history, civics. Box 59, Brocton, N. Y.

ENERGETIC, cultured woman will accept position of trust as governess or housekeeper in motherless home. 2,208, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

THE Olivia Sage School of Practical Nursing offers a one year's course in special bedside nursing to a limited number of women. Classes are formed twice a year. Pupils receive maintenance, uniform and salary. Apply to Director, New York Infirmary for Women and Children, 321 East 15th St., New York.

SELL YOUR SNAP SHOTS AT $5.00 EACH. Kodak prints needed by 25,000 publishers. Make vacations pay. We teach you how and where to sell. Write WALHAMORE INSTITUTE, LAFAYETTE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TYPING of manuscripts or other material by educated young woman who can punctuate and spell. Address 2,212, Outlook.

THE advertiser will buy strictly high-class work, handkerchiefs, baby dresses, luncheon sets, or small novelties. References. Mrs. R. W. Wright, 3304 Fairview Ave., Baltimore, Md. (Price by the month.)

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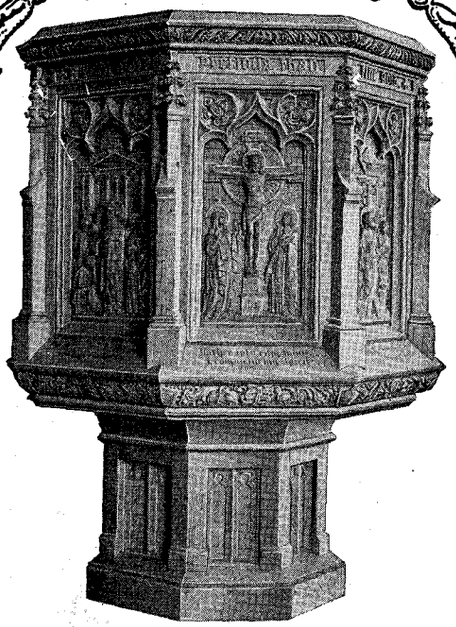

MEMORIALS THAT INSPIRE

"My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart when mine is cold."

The most fitting place for a memorial is in a hallowed church interior, and the most expressive medium is beautifully carved wood. Many examples of appropriate memorials are illustrated in our book on this subject. Let us place a copy in your hands if you desire suggestions.

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American Seating Company

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CHICAGO 18 E. Jackson Blvd.
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YOUR WANTS

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Picturesque Log Fires

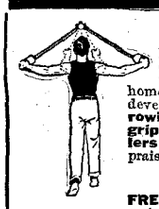
Fairy Fuel sprinkled on your log fire gives the beautiful colorings produced by burning driftwood. In the fascinating flames can be seen the blue of the sky, the green of the sea and the red and gold of the setting sun. Package *postpaid* **$1.** Ask for No. 4400. **Pohlson** gifts—always unique—include attractive things for everyone. Send for the Pohlson Year Book of Gifts for all occasions. Look for the **Pohlson** things in stores and gift shops.

Pohlson GIFTS

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS, Pawtucket, R. I.

BE STRONG!

BE HEALTHY



Men, women and children should develop health and strength through pleasant daily exercise at home. Because it gives them the best development features of **wall machine, rowing machine, chest expander, grip exercisers** and **massage rollers** combined in one—they use and praise

PEERLESS Five-in-One Exerciser

FREE instruction chart with each exerciser. Light tension (for children) $3.25. Medium (for men and women) $3.50. Heavy (for developed adults) $3.75. Extra Heavy (for athletes) $4.00. SEND NO MONEY. On arrival pay postman above price plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Literature free.

PEERLESS EXERCISER CO.
381 C Pearl Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

BY THE WAY

THE fact that American initiative is still alive and going strong is evidenced in the career of the new President of the University of Arizona, Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin. Twenty years ago he was a newsboy—but an ambitious one. He worked hard and studied hard, and in 1909 he graduated from the Riverside (California) high school and immediately entered upon preliminary legal studies in Stanford University. In 1915 he received a Master's Degree in Business Administration at the University of Southern California. Later he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard. He is reported to have worked his way through all these educational institutions. Meanwhile he had done service in the Great War as captain in the Aircraft Service in Portland, Oregon, and commandant of the Officers' Training Camp in the State of Washington. At the age of thirty (he is now only thirty-three) he became Dean of the southern branch of the University of California at Los Angeles. He was born at Findlay, Ohio, but later moved to California, where he seems to have "made good."

One of the world's greatest literary undertakings never saw the light of print. This was the stupendous encyclopædia planned by the Chinese Emperor Yung Lo. It was completed in 1408, and consisted of the original manuscript and two copies. It covered the whole range of Chinese learning, and ran to nearly a million pages. The original and one copy perished at Nanking on the downfall of the Ming dynasty. The remaining copy, consisting of no less than 11,100 volumes twenty inches long, twelve inches in breadth, and half an inch thick and bound in yellow silk, was destroyed during the siege of the Legations in Peking in 1900.

A colored physician in one of the Southwestern States called up an oculist, according to a contributor to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, and said, "Doctor, I have a patient that has been shot in the eye; would you examine him for me?" "Yes; you can bring him up now," was the reply. "Well, how much will you charge?" was then asked. "Oh, we can only charge what he can pay. What has he got?" the oculist inquired. "Doctor, he's got a family," was the appealing reply.

Under the head "Intelligence in Mules" a soldier of the World War tells in a recent book about an incident at the front illustrating his theme. "Tom, the older of my pair of mules," he says, "was an out-and-out Hun-hater, and whenever a German prisoner was loading my wagon I had to warn him to keep away from Tom or he would do damage. He used to watch out of the corner of his eye, and if an unsuspecting 'Jerry' came within striking reach he got it good and hard from Tom's iron-shod

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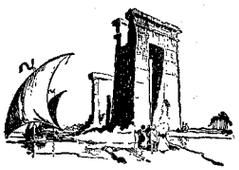
WINTER VACATION VOYAGES

As winter draws near, thoughts of the sparkling azure Mediterranean and of the sunny and colorful West Indies make an imperative call upon the imagination of all who love travel at its best.

To the MEDITERRANEAN



ADRIATIC
24,541-tons
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18,565-tons
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The splendid White Star Liner *Adriatic* and the Red Star steamer *Lapland*—world-famous for their steadiness, de luxe quarters and cuisine and service—carry passengers of discrimination to the brilliant playgrounds in Egypt and Southern Europe.

Itinerary: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco (the Riviera), Naples, Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile), Haifa for Jerusalem, and Athens (Phaleron Bay).

Ample time for delightful visits ashore(optional).

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To Havana, Panama Canal and a delightful itinerary arranged by a Cruise Department of more than 25 years' experience in West Indies.

The White Star Line's famous *Megantic*—a magnificent cruising ship of admirable construction for tropic voyages. 20,000-tons displacement—the premier steamer to the tropics.

Sailings:
Jan. 15, Feb. 17, Mar. 22, 1923

Itinerary: From New York to Havana, Haiti, Santiago, Kingston (Port Antonio), Panama Canal (Panama City), La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad (La Brea), Barbados, Martinique (St. Pierre), St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

Rates: $250 upwards
28 days duration of each cruise

Write for attractive color booklet giving details of voyages you are interested in. Address Cruise Department for West Indies; Mediterranean Department for Mediterranean.

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AMERICAN LINE — RED STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York

BY THE WAY
(Continued)

hoofs. He would even stop to kick at a convoy of prisoners who were marching past us on the road. Yet I never knew him to lift a leg to a French or American soldier, though he had plenty of chances."

An English weekly prints some "extraordinary questions" which ex-service men who wish to enter the civil service are asked in an examination paper. Here are samples:

Write here the name of the first drink in the following list, if it is only drink, but if it is not put a cross instead, and if it is, put an "E" under it. Underline whatever you have put. (The list was: House, bean, sugar, paraffin, coffee, milk, cheese.)

"Earth, the, the, warms sun." Rewrite these words so that the word that would be the middle word if it were rearranged so as to be true now comes last, whilst the remaining words are in the right order, but the one now first is spelt backwards.

"One of the official excuses for the list," is the comment, "is that such questions have been tried with success in America and on children." A compliment to both!

The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City, says in the "Atlantic" that when he first came to New York he "by happy accident" ran into Edwin Markham, and that the poet sat down and wrote a quatrain for him summing up the preacher's faith, as follows:

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft;
Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left.

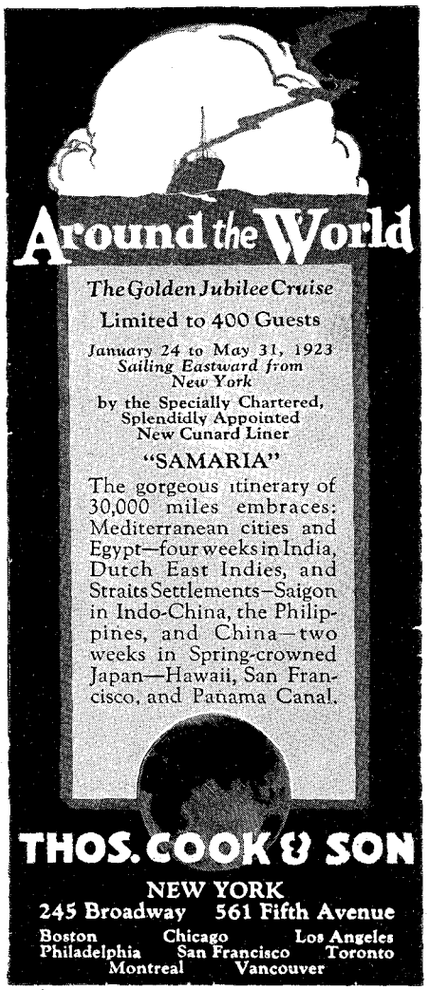
The Japanese constable, or country policeman, is ever ready to act as guide, philosopher, and friend to the foreign traveler, so an article in the "National Geographic Magazine" says. For the policeman's guidance in dealing with the tourist the police department some years ago issued the following counsels:

"No criticisms should be made, either by gesture or words, regarding the language, attire, or actions of foreigners.

"If a foreigner pulls out his watch and looks at it, you should think that he has business elsewhere, and that it is time for you to leave.

"It is a mistake to suppose that a foreigner will always respond to a request for a loan of money."

A serio-comic testimony to the absorbing interest of the books of a popular novelist is found in the reports in the New York newspapers of the recent electrocution of a condemned man at Sing Sing. "During the afternoon," the report says, "he occupied himself reading one of Robert W. Chambers's novels. After dinner he returned to his book, reading as rapidly as possible so that he might find out how it ended before he was killed. He did not learn, but a guard who had read the book told him that it came out all right."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The Golden Jubilee Cruise
Limited to 400 Guests
January 24 to May 31, 1923
Sailing Eastward from New York
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"SAMARIA"
The gorgeous itinerary of 30,000 miles embraces: Mediterranean cities and Egypt—four weeks in India, Dutch East Indies, and Straits Settlements—Saigon in Indo-China, the Philippines, and China—two weeks in Spring-crowned Japan—Hawaii, San Francisco, and Panama Canal.
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Flowers You Can Grow!
It's easy to grow flowers from bulbs. Nature has stored the flowers within, and a little care will bring them out. Among the many flowers offered in our Fall Garden Guide, none surpass our
New Ever-Blooming Amaryllis
Fine for Indoor Culture
A winter-blooming newcomer from the Philippines. Bears beautiful orange salmon flowers in clusters of 3 to 5 on strong upright stalks. Flowers 4 to 5 inches in diameter, of great substance and very lasting. Home grown bulbs, 75c each, 3 for $2. Dozen $7.50 postpaid.
If you love flowers you should write for our
FALL GARDEN GUIDE—FREE
Let its pages acquaint you with what should be planted now for flowers indoors all winter or to bloom outdoors next spring. Besides all kinds of bulbs it offers a fine collection of Iris, Peonies and other hardy flowers. If you're not a recent customer, write for your copy TODAY; mention this magazine.
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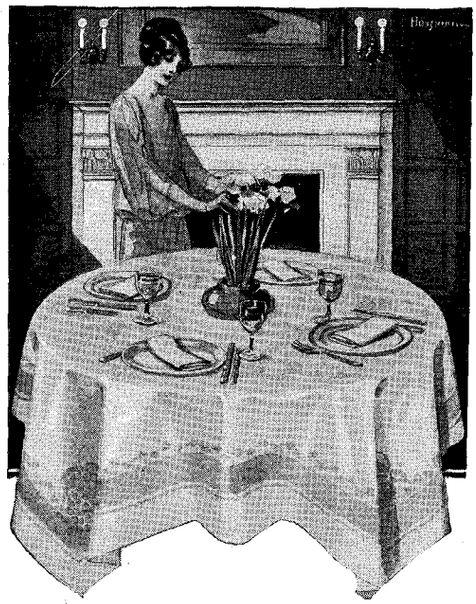


You Will Want These Linen Specials

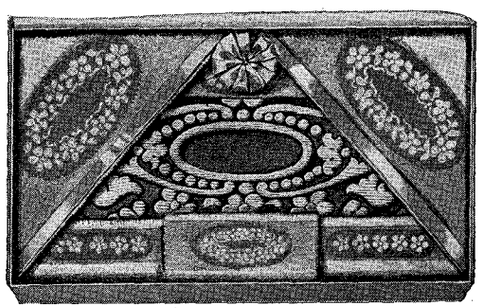
Linens purchased at The Linen Store have ever been a source of delight and satisfaction to discriminating women the country over.

Lilac Design in Damask Table Linen

A cloth of unusual beauty, exclusive to The Linen Store, and now being shown in America for the first time. *(Illustrated at top.)*

2 x 2 yds. $11.50	2 x 2½ yds. $14.50
2 x 2¼ yds. 13.50	2 x 3 yds. 17.50

Napkins to match 22 x 22 in. $16.50 doz., 24 x 24 in. $18.50 doz., 27 x 27 in. $22.50 doz.



Complete Bath Set $7.50

For personal needs or for gifts—attractively boxed—exclusive at McCutcheon's. Of famous Martex manufacture, soft and absorbent. Choice of pattern in blue, pink, gold or orchid. Seven pieces—Mat 26 x 40 in., 2 Towels 22 x 42 in., 2 Towels 14 x 26 in., 2 Wash Cloths 12 x 12 in.—**Complete set at only $7.50.**

Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.
Write for new Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 35

James McCutcheon & Co.

Department No. 35

Fifth Avenue & 34th Street, New York

IN DEFENSE OF PROHIBITION

In a city located in northern Michigan with a population numbering between fourteen and fifteen thousand there were before the advent of prohibition sixty-five saloons, all doing a flourishing business. The major portion of them were little other than "hell-holes." In that part of the country it is customary to pay the men their wages semi-monthly, with the result that with the advent of each pay day we were forced to prepare for at least two days' operations short-handed, for a large percentage of our men would be incapacitated by drink. This was a pretty general condition among the workers in those parts. With the coming of prohibition this ended and stayed ended; and in its place came better clothes for the wives and families, phonographs, player-pianos, etc. (taking the place of whisky jugs and beer bottles), a large increase in attendance at the moving-picture houses, and many families buying Fords, and in a great many cases better cars.

Take again, as example, a small village in central New York State. This village before the coming of prohibition was more or less distinguished for the amount of drunkenness and unpaid bills which, taken together, sadly detracted from the merits of an otherwi beautiful town. It is now, under proh bition, a much more prosperous little town, still maintaining its original beauty, and with the added blessing of a main street free from drunks. I might add that they are seen occasionally; but where it used to be ten quarts of whisky to one phonograph record, one might be safe in saying it is now ten phonograph records to one drink of a concoction called whisky behind some body's door.

The writer has always used liquo moderately, and has seen its use an abuse, with all the attendant sufferin and unhappiness; has seen it lead clea characters into vice; and also on occa sion seen it change a dull evening into a decent and enjoyable one. He ha seen it at its work in two-thirds of the States in our Union, and is not hypocritical enough to try and convince any one that there are not occasions when he would like to fall back in something a little stronger than reminiscence; but, not being selfish, and believing that, after all, there are only a few of us who really miss it, he says to them and with them: Let us be broad-minded regarding this subject, acknowledge the good that the masses are deriving under prohibition at the present time, the greater good our posterity will derive, and if we who still look back upon the time when we could, under the law, take our glass must suffer the deprivation for our few remaining years, let us be men and make the sacrifice. Live as well as talk morals, and back up prohibition in the knowledge of the good we know it is doing.

R. B. GOETSCHIUS.

Downsville, New York.

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